No. 2300.—Vol. 88.

THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER

AND ILLUSTRATED TIMES

June 24, 1905.

Registered at the General Post Office as a Newspaper.

London: Printed and Published for the Proprietors at 18 Henrietta Street, Strand, W.C.

Unique Finger-Print Competition Starts in this Number.

A RACE FOR LIFE.

Harold Ernest Thompson, a second-class petty officer on H.M.S. "Pembroke," who was spending his leave with his brother, a builder, of Tredegar-road, Bow, was returning home about midnight when he was told that a man had thrown himself on the railway line near a bridge between Old Ford and Bow Stations. A train could be seen approaching, and the few people who were about at the time appeared too horrified for action. Thompson, without a moment's hesitation, clambered, sailor-like, over the wall which divided the street from the railway embankment, and literally began a race for life. The engine had almost reached the man lying across the rails when the young sailor, by a great effort, dragged him away. The man, however, did not escape severe injury, as the engine struck him, with the result that he lies in a serious condition at the London Hospital. The King has interested himself in the case.

CHILDREN TEETHING

TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S

Soothing Syrup

FOR CHILDREN TEETHING

Has been used over 50 years by millions of mothers for their children while teething with perfect success. It SOOTHES the child, softens the gums, allays all PAIN, cures WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHŒA.

Sold by all Chemists at 1/1½ per bottle.

HAVE YOU A BAD LEG?

WITH Wounds that discharge or otherwise, perhaps surrounded with inflammation, and so swollen that when you press your finger on the inflamed part it leaves the impression? If so, under the skin you have poison which, if not extracted, will cause you suffering till death releases you. Perhaps your knees are swollen, the joints being ulcerated; the same with the ankles, round which the skin may be discoloured, or there may be wounds. The disease, if allowed to continue, will deprive you of the power to walk. You may have attended various hospitals, and had medical advice and been told your case is hopeless or advised to submit to amputation; but do not, for I CAN CURE YOU. I don't say perhaps; but I WILL. Numbers have consulted me and been cured, after suffering from one to twenty years. If possible call, or send a Postal Order for 2s. 6d. to ALBERT, 73A Farringdon Street, London, and you will receive a box of

GRASSHOPPER OINTMENT AND PILLS,

which is a Certain Remedy for the Cure of Bad Legs, Housemaid's Knee, Ulcerated Joints, Carbuncles, Poisoned Hands, and Bunions. (Registered Copyright.)

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More Economical and Stylish than has ever before been offered to readers of the "P.I.P." is represented in the outfit illustrated here:—

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THE SKIRT, if purchased in the ordinary way, would cost more than we ask for the two garments. It is carefully and neatly made in good Holland, prettily trimmed with white braid (*as sketch*). Can also be supplied in Black and Navy Serge, trimmed black braid. Waist measure, 24, 26, and 28 in.; length, 38, 40, and 42 in. Price for the complete outfit, only 6/11; carriage, 6d. extra.

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that quickly tire, cannot bear bright light, and both look and feel sore, are cured by SINGLETON'S EYE OINTMENT. This marvellous remedy has 300 years' reputation and is sold by all chemists and stores in ancient pedestal pots for 2s. each. If kept by you it will not lose its healing virtues. Send to STEPHEN GREEN, 210, Lambeth Rd, London, for the little book "How to Preserve the Eyesight." This should be seen by all who suffer from any eye trouble.

FWS

THE LAST FEW DAYS.

NOTES ON NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Moments of Peril.

The assassination of M. Delyannis recalls the murder of an English Prime Minister in circumstances of which every schoolboy has read. Of the escapes which our public men have less is heard. Once Gladstone was face to face with a man who had set out to murder him. The would-be assassin had his hand on the trigger of his revolver, but his heart failed him; his victim looked too much like his (the man's) own father. Forster escaped from Ireland with his life through casually altering the route by which he should have gone upon a day when his murder was planned; while Gladstone again was once so seriously menaced that the Earl of Aberdeen drove the statesman's carriage, with Mr. Herbert Gladstone for footman, both armed to the teeth.

Photo, Illustrations Bureau.

THE CHURCH ARMY GARDEN PARTY AT HAM HOUSE: Our photograph was taken while the Earl of Meath was addressing the guests.

Another Aldershot.

There is every probability that the headquarters of the eastern command of the Army will be transferred shortly from London to Colchester. It is stated that the War Office authorities are again negotiating for the purchase of sixty acres of land at Lexden, which is just outside Colchester on the western side, with a view to erecting on the site the new headquarters' staff buildings. From 12,000 to 15,000 men will form a permanent garrison in this district, and with the transference of the headquarters' staff Colchester will thus become the military stronghold of Eastern England—the part which is most exposed to invasion by a foreign foe.

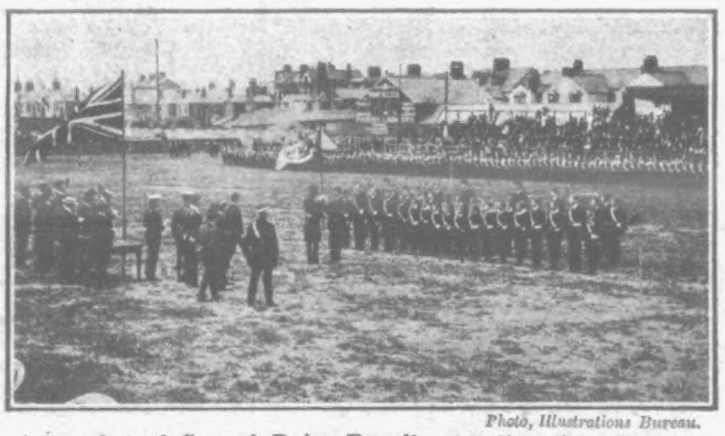
Living too Fast.

According to the local health authorities, New Yorkers lead a more strenuous and exciting life in the race for riches than any other people in the world. To this reason alone they attribute the appalling number of deaths from illness directly attributed to heart disease and stomach complaints (says the *Telegraph's* correspondent). The President of the Board of Health reports that 125 persons in New York died last week of heart disease. He alludes to the strain of modern life as responsible for nearly all the increased cases of mortality, and in this connection the too hurried eating by men at midday, anxious to resume business, is condemned as a most deadly and reprehensible practice. "We are all living too fast," he says, "men and women alike."

Togo in England.

Some interesting reminiscences of Admiral Togo when he was in England in the seventies are furnished by a correspondent of the *Times*. Togo was then in his twentieth year, and when the correspondent met him had been only two days in this country. "Good morning" and "Thank you" were the limits of his English vocabulary. "In less than another couple of days we were fast friends, and for six months or more we were constant companions and allies. We were in the same house (that of an ordinary English family), shared the same study, and generally led a common life. Our 'coach' put Togo specially into my care, with the charge—'I've got to teach him mathematics, but you might try to teach him English.' No doubt my efforts were clumsy enough, but Togo had a capacity for taking pains, by which said quality genius is apt to triumph over early obstacles. In a month he wrote to me (during an absence of a day or two) a letter of which the first sentence ran: 'When we shall to meet next week I shall be conversation to understand with you.' A fairly good result that, methinks, for five weeks' work.

"That he was a born fighting man we none of us had the ghost of a suspicion. It is easy enough, *post eventum*, to recall small points, the significance of which were lost upon us then. Then we saw only his perfect courtesy, which charmed everybody (the parlourmaid declared, 'Mr. Togo quite annoys himself with politeness'); his punctuality—no one ever knew him to be a moment late for the simplest engagement; his kindly good nature—'temper' he may have had, but there was never a flicker to be seen; his instant readiness to adopt English modes of life and his power of doing exactly what we did without giving us any ground for thinking him to be a mere copyist. The minutest detail did not escape him; I could load my record with surprising instances of his ability in this regard. Full of fun, with a keen sense of humour, he was a glutton for work—intent with a dogged intensity which is altogether lacking in the English character. Above all other qualities he had the gift of silence—not the silence of taciturnity, but the silence of economical speech, which never wastes a word. There was no need to ask, 'Do you understand this or that?' There was in his eye and his gesture the unspoken assurance that he had the grip thereof and was ready for more. On one subject only did he seem to have his tongue loosened—on dear Japan he was willing to talk; his home was his heart's devotion."



Photo, Illustrations Bureau.

A Snapshot of General Baden Powell presenting the colours to the Newport Boys' Brigade last week.

The Good Old Times.

Those who think that the British working man was never so well off as he is to-day should journey to Nottingham and interview some of those there who remember the "good old days" of the lace trade, say, fifty or sixty years ago, says *Pearson's Weekly*. Then, a really expert man could easily earn £10, £12, or £14 a week; boys from £4 to £6.

Sermon in a Nutshell.

Abraham Lincoln's maxims were: "Do not worry; eat three square meals a day; say your prayers; think of your wife; be courteous to your creditors; keep your digestion good; steer clear of biliousness; exercise; go slow and easy. Maybe there are other things that your especial case requires to make you happy, but, my friend, these, I reckon, will give you a good life."

The Terrace Ghost.

The terrace of the House, which, during the Session, is devoted to tea-parties, and is famous for its strawberries and cream, is specially honoured by ghosts, says *Household Words*. "For many years it has been haunted by the apparition of a tall woman, clad in dripping wet clothes, as if she had just emerged from the river. This ghost usually walks on foggy nights, and, after pointing with outstretched arm to the illuminated chamber where the nation's legislators are busily engaged, gives an unearthly scream, and vanishes, apparently into the river. In 1878, an attendant, named Ralph, was frightened almost to death by this apparition."

Photo, Russell.

THE ROYAL WEDDING: A charming photo of the bride and bridegroom and bridesmaids.

Photo, Illustrations Bureau.

THE CHURCH ARMY GARDEN PARTY AT HAM HOUSE: The Rev. W. Carlile speaking.

"The Drum Shall Throb No Longer."

For five centuries and a half the drum has been to the French infantry what the bugle is to-day to the English soldier. It has beguiled the weary march, it has sounded the charge, and wherever the battalion was, under whatever circumstances, the drum has never been absent. It has now to disappear, as being less handy, smart, and portable than the bugle, and its place will know it no more, unless the deep feeling which the order of suppression has evoked throughout the Army may avail to turn the War Minister from his purpose. From 1347 to 1905 is a long record. As a curious detail it may be added that the French soldier borrowed the drum from his enemy, the Saracen. It may, therefore, be regarded as a relic of the Crusades.

Death of the "Pauper Baronet."

Sir William Gordon Macgregor, Bart., died at Bristol last week, aged 59. His life had been one long romance. In February, 1903, he was discovered in a London workhouse, absolutely destitute. By the aid of wealthy strangers he was placed in comfortable lodgings, and shortly afterwards he married at a registry office a lady of Stoke Bishop, Bristol. He had since resided chiefly at Clifton.

Posers for Apprentices.

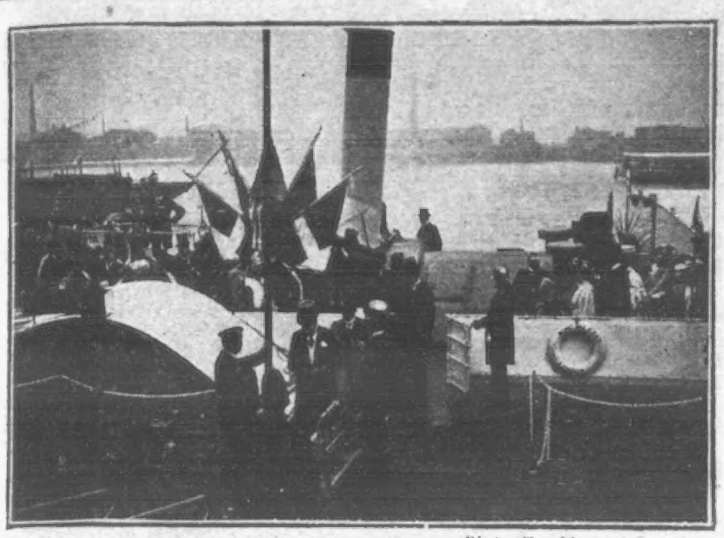
At an examination at Devonport recently for dockyard apprentices the candidates were asked to "explain carefully Henry VII.'s title to the Tudor Throne"; and the "salient points of the policy of Cardinal Wolsey"; to "describe the development of the English Navy under the Tudors"; and to "write an essay on wireless telegraphy, or steam turbines, or the discovery of America."

Witchcraft and Murder.

A French peasant at Barcrignan, named Ferran, has shot dead a woman who lived near him. Before committing the crime he wrote to a local magistrate declaring that he felt sure the woman had caused the death of his father three years ago and was a witch. After the murder he sent a report of the circumstances to M. Rouvier, the Premier, declaring that the entire population of Barcrignan would be grateful to the writer one day for having got rid of the witch.

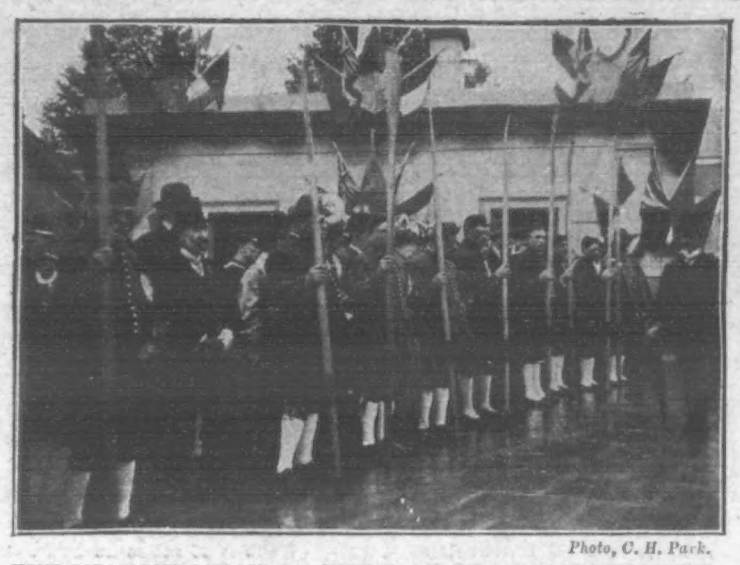
Singular Marriage Muddle.

A young French widow who wished to conceal from the man she was about to marry that she had been married before borrowed her married sister's identity papers, and used them. Under French law this marriage made her the wife of her brother-in-law. Questions of bigamy also arose, it being doubtful whether the already married sister had not committed bigamy by the marriage in her name to the widow's young man, while the brother-in-law of the bride was also open to the suspicion of having taken her for a wife also. The matter has come before the courts, and after a scene the magistrate has ordered that, instead of a prosecution, the papers of identity must be rectified. The two husbands say they will be married over again, and that their wives will have to give their real names this time



Photo, Hutchinson & Svensden.

THE INAUGURATION OF THE L.C.C. STEAMBOAT SERVICE: The Prince of Wales landing at Greenwich.



Photo, C. H. Park.

THE INAUGURATION OF THE L.C.C. STEAMBOAT SERVICE: Royal Watermen waiting for the Prince of Wales at Greenwich.

A Daring Feat.

Driver Toryville, of the 7th Depot Royal Field Artillery, averted a serious accident at Preston last week. A horse attached to a lurry bolted, and, dashing along a back lane, would have jumped into a window, but Toryville took a flying leap, landed on the shafts, and, though slipping once and narrowly escaping being run over, seized the horse by the nose and brought it to the ground with a crash.

A Baboon's Adventure.

A Gravesend correspondent of the *Evening Standard* reports that Lena, the female baboon at Rosherville Gardens, slipped her chain and strolled up Burch Road until she reached the Elephant's Head, a public-house which she had visited before with her previous owner. Her entrance produced a panic. On looking round she spied a pewter pot, which the onlookers feared she was about to use as a missile, but she calmly left the counter where she had been sitting and drew herself a draught of ale. A little girl who had been in the habit of giving Lena dainties in Rosherville Gardens arrived on the scene, and coaxed the animal back to her cage.

Lynching Motor Thieves.

The reason for lynching a horse-thief is that in sparsely settled countries a man is so helpless without his horse that he may perish, and often does. So the horse-thief is incidentally a murderer. The Colorado Cowboys' Association, whose secretary reports that fifty eight lynchings occurred under its auspices in 1904, all conducted in an orderly manner, has (says *Motoring Illustrated*) passed a resolution inflicting the death penalty on motor car thieves on the ground that a motor car occupies the same relation to a man as his horse.

An Appeal.

The Secretary of the St. Andrew's Waterside Church Mission, 65, Fenchurch Street, E.C., earnestly appeals for old or new books, magazines and illustrated papers of all kinds for free distribution amongst our sailors and fishermen. All packages sent will be thankfully acknowledged.

Dive through a Window.

An extraordinarily daring river rescue was effected last week at Norwich. A child fell into the water unnoticed, but Alexander Bird, working in a factory on the river bank, saw it floating past He immediately dived through the window, cutting his face and ears, but succeeded in bringing the little one safely to land.

A Tiger Story.

The Rev. Father Froger, Principal of St. Joseph's College, Bangalore, writes to the local papers describing an experience when cycling from Wellington to Octacamund by the Kotagiri road. According to the *Englishman's* summary, the Rev. Father was riding quietly along when he saw what looked like a tiger sitting on a rock on the bare hillside above him. As he watched, the fact that it was a tiger became apparent, and, to Father Froger's horror, it suddenly bounded straight down the hillside and made for him. Fortunately, there was a slight incline in his favour in the road, and he cycled for his life until the upward grade became too steep, and he had to get off. Apparently, the beast did not pursue after he had lost sight of the cyclist, but the unprovoked attack is in itself an unusual occurrence, especially with Nilgiri tigers.

The approved plan of the great Wesleyan Methodist Hall which is to be built on the site of the old Aquarium, Westminster.

Lucky Servants.

Not many servants are so fortunate as those of Lady Diana Huddleston. They run no risk of the fate which attends many dependents of great houses: after having more than they need during the lifetime of its head, to have less than they need after his death. Lady Diana has preserved her maid and her housekeeper, her coachman and her gardener, not only from hard times, but from the necessity to take further service. Her bequests to servants amount to something like £12,000. It is a worthy example which every wealthy employer might well follow according to their means. A man or woman who has served one faithfully during most of the years of their life has a moral right to be considered in their master or mistress's will. But how few think of them—or hink of them adequately!

Brave Woman Aids a Constable.

While Constable Rogers was arresting Daniel Cawthorne, who was drunk, Alfred Osborne attempted to rescue Cawthorne, and the officer had to grapple single-handed with the two—both of them powerfully-built men. He was hit on the head, kicked, and knocked to the ground. Mrs. Lydia Green, of 58 Stanhope Street. N.W., went bravely to his assistance, and with much difficulty succeeded in blowing his whistle. This brought a number of policemen to the scene, and Cawthorne and Osborne were taken to the police station. At the Marylebone police-court, Cawthorne was fined 40s. or a month; Osborne was sent to prison for six weeks. The magistrate warmly praised the conduct of Mrs. Green.

Bird's Nest of Jewels.

Four finger-rings and seventeen brooches were used in the construction of a martin's nest which has been dislodged from beneath the eaves of a house in Frogmoor, High Wycombe.

A Curious Mishap.

M. Bertrand, who owns a tavern in the Rue Guy Lussac, was recently, according to Dalziel's Paris correspondent, the victim of a curious accident. He had gone into the cellar to tap a cask of beer, and was manipulating a case of carbonic acid, when an explosion occurred, which stunned him and caused him to sink to the ground. A few minutes afterwards some customers who had heard the report went to M. Bertrand's assistance. They found that the diffusion of the carbonic acid had caused the temperature to fall several degrees below freezing-point, and the proprietor of the establishment was nearly frozen to death.

Birds and Colours.

Red is as aggravating to a turkey, says *Cassel's Saturday Journal*, as it is to a bull, while a sparrow takes no notice of this colour. But if a blue rag be shaken in front of a caged sparrow's eyes he will go frantic with disgust. Sparrows and linnets, too, will refuse food offered them on a piece of blue paper, and dislike the appearance of anyone wearing a blue dress. A medium shade of blue affects them most, but dark-blue serge they scarcely mind at all. Thrushes and blackbirds object to yellow. They will use red or blue dried grasses left about their haunts to build the outer layers of their nests, but yellow grasses they will not touch.

Dogs Named After Togo.

Togo is the inevitable name for American dogs just now. Eighty per cent. of the dogs born in the United States in the six months after the Battle of Manilla were christened Dewey, but the Togos promise to be even more numerous.

Sweets for Strength.

Hackenschmidt, the Russian wrestler, who is reputed to be the strongest man in the world, declares that sweets are the best strength producers. He has wrestled in every country in the world, and he declares that the strongest people are the Turks. The secret of their great strength, he believes, is that they are not alcohol drinkers, and that from generation to generation they are clean-blooded. "Eat all the sweets you can if you would be strong," he concluded.

20,000 Mile Race.

One of the most remarkable sailing races on record ended last Monday. The competitors were three clipper barques, the race was from Melbourne to Queenstown, and the distance covered was between 15,000 and 20,000 miles. A marvellous feature of the race is that the boats left Melbourne in company, but the same night they parted, and, with the single exception of a meeting between two of the boats off the Cape of Good Hope, they did not sight each other again until they were all nearing Queenstown, where they dropped their anchors within a very short time of each other. The barques that took part in this contest are the *Iredale*, of Liverpool, Captain Roberts, 1,473 tons; the *Inverurie*, of Aberdeen, Captain Charleston, 1,309 tons; and the *Este*, of Hamburg, Captain Carlstern, 1,359 tons. The *Este* arrived in Queenstown first, the *Iredale* second, and the *Inverurie* third. The excitement on the boats as they saw each other making for Queenstown was intense, each crew being confident of victory. The German vessel, however, just managed to get into harbour first. After dropping their anchors the three captains went on shore, and a wager which had been made was handed over to Captain Carlstern. During the voyage hurricanes were encountered. The *Este* received some heavy seas on board, and two or three of her boats were shattered, while the *Inverurie* had some of her sails torn to shreds.

Men's Imaginings.

The very first thing in woman that seems to attract the average man is beauty of complexion. He attaches to this an extraordinary value. If he were to examine his own thoughts on the subject he would find that he associates a clear skin with the idea of purity of mind, and a softly-tinted, childlike complexion with innocence.—*The Boudoir.*

Peril of King Alfonso.

That Scotland Yard took extraordinary precautions to protect the King of Spain during his recent visit to London was obvious; the reason for it is apparent from a circular which, according to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, was printed in several languages by order of the International Revolutionary Committee, and distributed in all the foreign quarters of London. The following are some of the more significant parts of the circular: "This young King, hardly twenty years of age, who to-morrow will exhibit his pleasure and bow like a charming girl to the plaudits of the police force dressed as civilians, is responsible for all the evils which are slowly destroying the Spanish workman. It is horrible to think—only twenty years old, and passively assisting in the murders of the Andalusian peasants and the workmen of Barcelona. For these twenty years he has been happy and free to enjoy the sweetness of life. He has even honoured the murderers. In these times of suffering, deceit, lies, hypocrisy, and crime, we want men of action. What would be the best and most noble virtue? To free mankind of a tyrant who will remain what he is as long as we allow him to live."

Why Society Frivols.

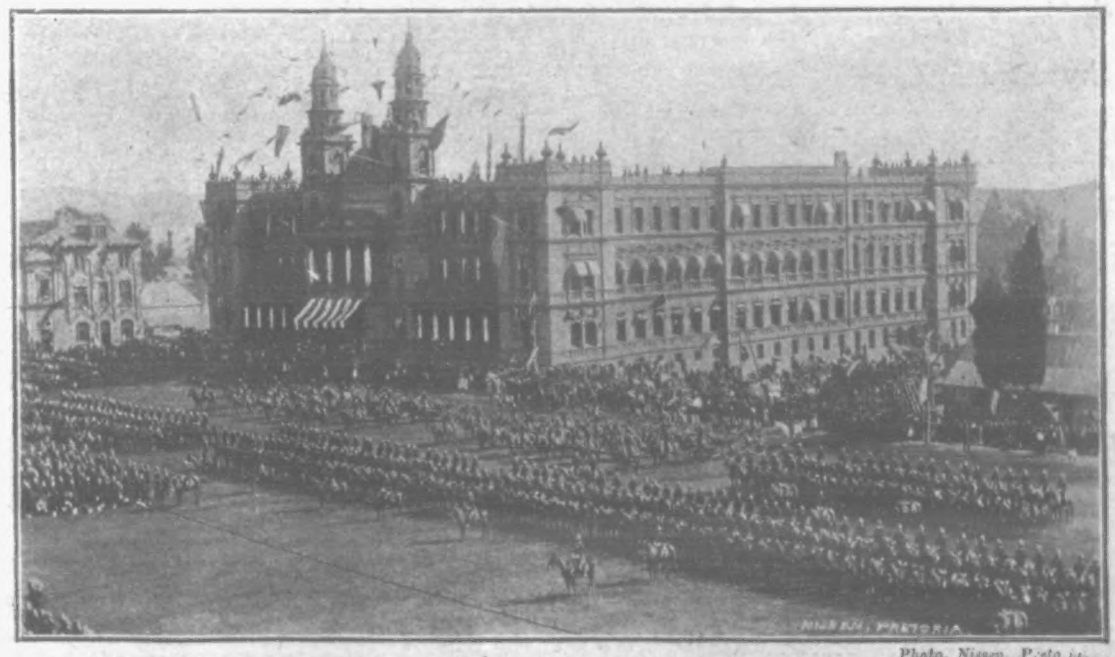
If one section of the community were not giddy, the dulness and smugness and hypocrisy of the other, the larger section, would very soon bring the country to the level of a tin tabernacle, and make it the laughing-stock of other nations. —"Brummell," in *The World.*

Sunflower Seeds as Food.

In Russia the sunflower crop is said to be one of the best paying. A good crop as it stands in the field is worth £5 an acre. The seeds are sold by the farmer at from 4s. to 6s. a pound. They are salted by the purchasers, who retail them at every street-crossing in Russian provincial cities at 12s. a pound. Passers-by are eager purchasers of the salted sunflower seeds.

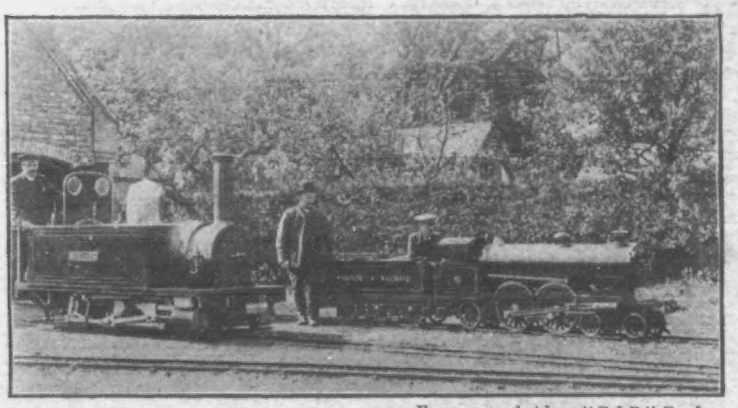
Photo, Nops.

A unique snapshot of Mr. Justice Grantham arriving at the Law Courts on Horseback.



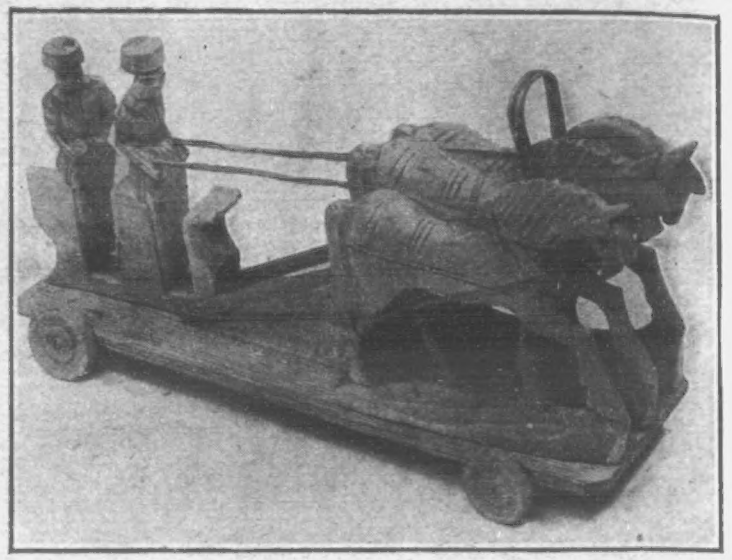
Photo, Nissen, Pretoria.

EMPIRE DAY AT PRETORIA: The Review of Troops in Government Square.



From a snapshot by a "P.I.P." Reader.

A UNIQUE PICTURE: The largest of these two miniature locomotives is working on the Duke of Westminster's Estate at Eaton, near Chester. The smaller one is to run on the Blackpool Circular Railway. It is the smallest railway engine in working order, and when sent for a trial trip on the Eaton Light Railway proved a distinct success. It travels at the rate of about 26 miles an hour.



A unique photograph of a small wooden toy carved by the Tsaritsa for her baby son, the heir-apparent to the Russian throne. It is carved in soft white wood, and represents a Russian troika. The Tsaritsa inherited her artistic ability from her English mother, Princess Alice. The toy is beautifully made, and is said to have occupied much of the Tsaritsa's spare time during the last few weeks.

HOLIDAY PERILS.

Directions for Restoring the Apparently Drowned.

We have received from the Secretary of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution an able article upon the restoration of the apparently drowned, with full instructions how to treat such cases. During the summer holidays deaths from drowning are, unfortunately, very frequent, and we have pleasure in reproducing, word for word, the R.N.L.I. hints upon how the victims of boating and bathing accidents may be snatched from the jaws of death.

The leading principles of the following directions for the restoration of the apparently dead from drowning, issued by the Royal National Lifeboat Institution, are founded on those of the late Dr. Marshall Hall, combined with those of Dr. H. R. Silvester, and are the result of extensive inquiries which were made by the Institution amongst medical men, medical bodies, and coroners throughout the United Kingdom. These directions have been extensively circulated by the Institution throughout the United Kingdom and in the Colonies. They are also in use in His Majesty's Fleet; in the Coastguard Service; at all the stations of the British army at home and abroad; in the lighthouses and vessels of the Corporation of the Trinity House; the metropolitan and provincial police forces; the metropolitan schools, and the St. John Ambulance Association.

I.

Send immediately for medical assistance, blankets, and dry clothing, but proceed to treat the patient *instantly* on the spot, in the open air, with the face downward, whether on shore or afloat, exposing the face, neck, and chest to the wind, except in severe weather, and removing all tight clothing from the neck and chest, especially the braces.

The points to be aimed at are—first and *immediately* the *Restoration of Breathing*; and, secondly, after breathing is restored, the *Promotion of Warmth and Circulation*.

The efforts to *Restore Breathing* must be commenced immediately and energetically, and persevered in for one or two hours, or until a medical man has pronounced that life is extinct. Efforts to promote *Warmth and Circulation*, beyond removing the wet clothes and drying the skin, must not be made until the first appearance of natural breathing; for, if circulation of the blood be induced before breathing has recommenced, the restoration to life will be endangered.

II.—To Restore Breathing.

To Clear the Throat.—Place the patient on the floor or ground with the face downwards and one of the arms under the forehead, in which position all fluids will more readily escape by the mouth, and the tongue itself will fall forward, leaving the entrance into the windpipe free. Assist this operation by wiping and cleansing the mouth.

If satisfactory breathing commences, use the treatment described below to promote warmth. If there be only slight breathing—or no breathing—or if the breathing fails, then—

To Excite Breathing.—Turn the patient well and instantly on the side, supporting the head, and—

Excite the nostrils with snuff, hartshorn, and smelling salts, or tickle the throat with a feather, &c., if they are at hand. Rub the chest and face warm, and dash cold water, or cold and hot water alternately, on them. If there be no success, lose not a moment, but instantly—

To Imitate Breathing.—Replace the patient on the face, raising and supporting the chest well on a folded coat or other article of dress.

Turn the body very gently on the side and a little beyond, and then briskly on the face, back again, repeating these measures cautiously, efficiently and perseveringly, about fifteen times in the minute, or once every four or five seconds, occasionally varying the side.

[*By placing the patient on the chest the weight of the body forces the air out; when turned on the side this pressure is removed and air enters the chest.*]

On each occasion that the body is replaced on the face make uniform but efficient pressure with brisk movement, on the back between and below the shoulder-blades or bones on each side, removing the pressure immediately before turning the body on the side.

During the whole of the operations let one person attend solely to the movements of the head and of the arm placed under it.

[*The first measure increases the expiration—the second commences inspiration.*]

*** The result is *Respiration* or *Natural Breathing*—and, if not too late, *Life*.

Whilst the above operations are being proceeded with, dry the hands and feet, and, as soon as dry clothing or blankets can be procured, strip the body and cover or gradually reclothe it, but taking care not to interfere with the efforts to restore breathing.

III.

Should these efforts not prove successful in the course of from two to five minutes, proceed to imitate breathing by Dr. Silvester's method, as follows:—

Place the patient on the back on a flat surface, inclined a little upwards from the feet; raise and support the head and shoulders on a small firm cushion or folded article of dress placed under the shoulder-blades.

Draw forward the patient's tongue, and keep it projecting beyond the lips; an elastic band over the tongue and under the chin will answer this purpose, or a piece of string or tape may be tied round them, or by raising the lower jaw, the teeth may be made to retain the tongue in that position. Remove all tight clothing from about the neck and chest, especially the braces.

To Imitate the Movements of Breathing.—Standing at the patient's head, grasp the arms just above the elbows, and draw the arms gently and steadily upwards above the head, and *keep them stretched* upwards for two seconds. [*By this means air is drawn into the lungs.*] Then turn down the patient's arms, and press them gently and firmly for two seconds against the sides of the chest. [*By this means air is pressed out of the lungs.*]

Repeat these measures alternately, deliberately, and perseveringly, about fifteen times in a minute, until a spontaneous effort to respire is perceived, immediately upon which cease to imitate the movements of breathing, and proceed to *Induce Circulation and Warmth*.

IV.—Treatment after Natural Breathing has been Restored.

To Promote Warmth and Circulation.—Commence rubbing the limbs upwards, with firm grasping pressure and energy, using handkerchiefs, flannel, &c. [*By this measure the blood is propelled along the veins towards the heart.*]

The friction must be continued under the blanket or over the dry clothing.

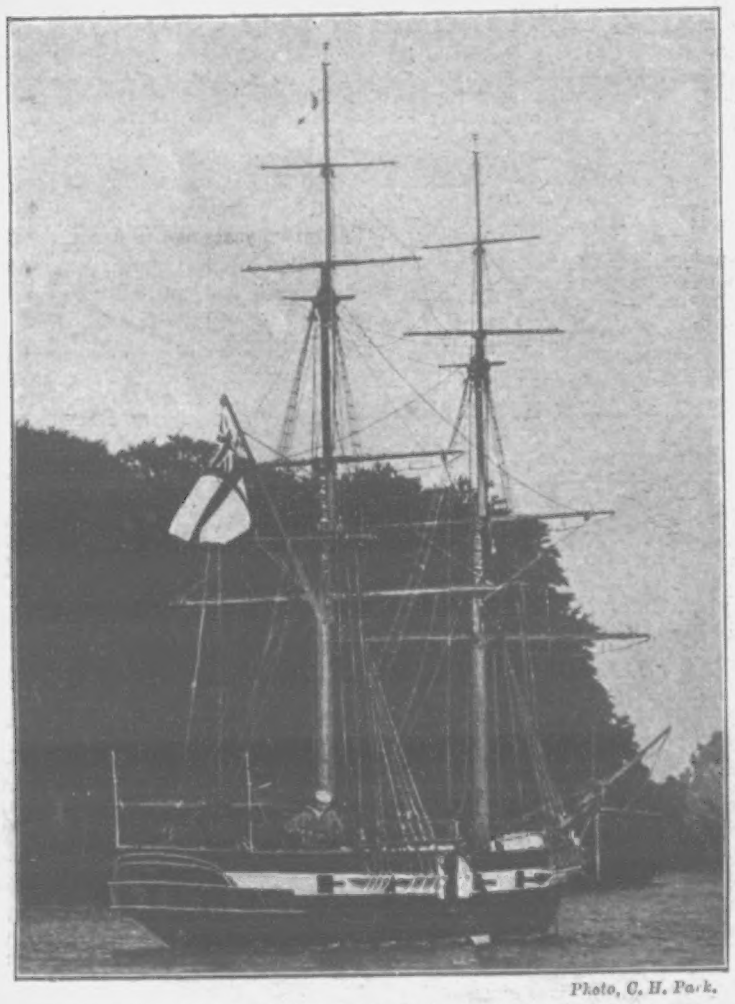
Promote the warmth of the body by the application of hot flannels, bottles, or bladders of hot water, heated bricks, &c., to the pit of the stomach, the armpits, between the thighs, and to the soles of the feet.

If the patient has been carried to a house after respiration has been restored, be careful to let the air play freely about the room.

On the restoration of life a teaspoonful of warm water should be given; and then, if the power of swallowing has returned, small quantities of wine, warm brandy-and-water, or coffee should be administered. The patient should be kept in bed, and a disposition to sleep encouraged.

Photo, Abrahams.

A MAN OF MANY ADVENTURES: First-class Petty Officer Waller, coxswain of the ill-fated submarine A8, who was rescued by Lieut. Candy. This sailor has had a most remarkable service career. He is a survivor of the "Victoria" and "Camperdown" collision, when the former sank off the coast of Tripoli; he was also one of the crew of the submarine A5 when an explosion occurred on board at Queenstown, with fatal results. His marvellous escape from the A8 with three other members of the crew makes his third thrilling escape from death.



Photo, C. H. Park.

THE BRIG "KING EDWARD VII.," which has just been completed and placed under the command of little Prince Eddy. This is the smallest commissioned warship afloat, and is now on Virginia Water.

Photo, C. H. Park.

A Snapshot of the Crew of Prince Eddy's Brig, "King Edward VII."

Photo, Chidley.

THE ROYAL WEDDING: Saighton Grange, where the Royal couple spent part of their honeymoon.

Dignity Abandoned.

When the Prince and Princess started on their honeymoon the Royalties threw dignity to the winds, and vigorously pelted the carriage with rice and satin slippers. The moving carriage was closely followed by the King, the Princes, and the Princesses, and it was a hot race through the archway in order that a last look might be taken of the travellers as they drove down the Broad Walk and through the park gates.

Description of a Dress.

Queen Alexandra's dress was a dream, says the *Times*. Scientifically, it is believed, it was of black net embroidered with black sequins over an electric blue—but that sounds tame. The effect was that of a robe of dark vapour glowing in the mysterious fashion of a rare opal.

The Princess We Lose.

The Princess is thought by those who know her well to resemble her grandmother, Queen Victoria, in character and somewhat in face. And it is so. There is something in the soft round cheek and the direct outlook of Princess Margaret's candid eyes that recalls the early portraits of the great Queen (says the *Gentlewoman*), and there are traits of character that bear the same stamp, such as truthfulness, clear insight, earnestness of purpose, and last, not least, "saving common-sense."

Fond of Outdoor Life.

Princess Margaret is fond of outdoor life, and in these days, when walking has become a lost art, her activity in that direction is commendable. She plays golf heartily, hockey with enthusiasm, tennis and croquet with skill and perfect temper. The Princess is a fearless and graceful cyclist, taking pleasure also in the rush and thrill of the motor. The facility with which she learnt to skate, no easy thing to do in these unfrosty winters, augurs well for the progress she will make in the glittering white winter to which she goes. With the same delightful activities she dances, doing credit to the zest and "go" of the Dublin season, where she danced at her first ball.

The Character of Prince Gustavus Adolphus.

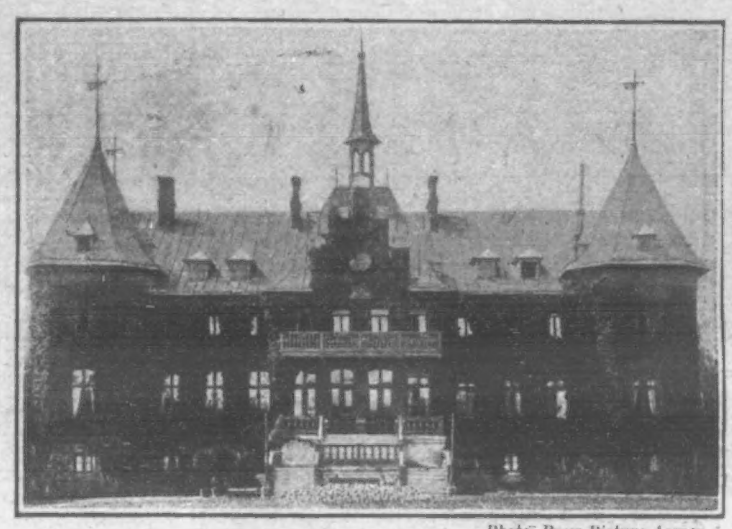
Prince Gustaf Adolf, or Gustavus Adolphus, as the name is generally spelt in England, is the eldest son of the Crown Prince and Crown Princess and heir-apparent to the Swedish throne. He is a fine fellow, of whom nothing but good has been said or heard; he has had an excellent education, both as a soldier and a student, like his father and uncles and grandfather, studying at ancient Upsala, where he had a charming house of his own. Like his brother, Prince Wilhelm, who is a naval officer, the young Prince is pleasant and straightforward in manners and address, a good dancer, and very popular in Stockholm society. His bride may be sure of a warm and enthusiastic welcome everywhere in Sweden, nowhere more than in Stockholm, and the young Princess will find few cities outside England where the style of the aristocracy and the officers so much resembles that of the old country as is the case in beautiful Stockholm.

Adventures Incognito.

King Alfonso met with quite a series of adventures during his long automobile tour between San Sebastian and Pampeluna early last week. His Majesty's first mishap, near Elegondo, was to knock down a donkey, damaging his machine to an extent which it took an hour and a half to repair, though the King and his companions escaped without injury, and the owner of the donkey was handsomely paid. The next incident, crossing the old frontier from Navarre to Guipuzcoa, was for the King to be brought up sharp by a sentry to pay some queer border dues levied from time immemorial. And in all the towns where the King stayed he strolled about unrecognised, buying all sorts of things. In one café he met a supposed Anarchist, who had been detained on suspicion of harbouring designs against him.

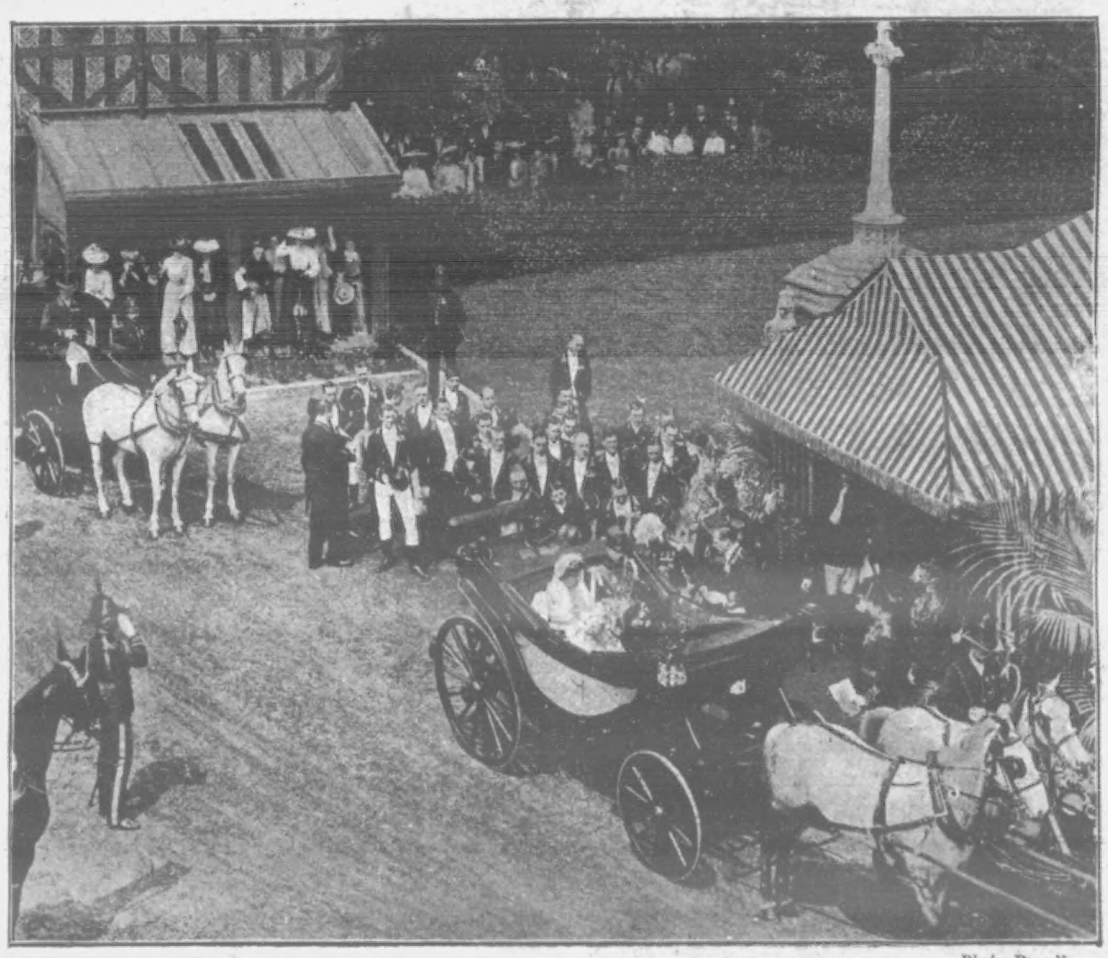
The Smuggler Dogs of Gib.

The difference in the price of tobacco, matches, groceries, and so on in Gibraltar and the Spanish territory immediately adjoining it is accountable for the continual activity of the contrabandists in these parts, says a writer in *Our Dogs*. Their poverty is evident from their way of living. The average countryman's dwelling is a weather-beaten, straw-built, one-roomed hut in a vegetable-producing enclosure encircled with aloes as a hedge. At the doorways the half-starved donkeys feed from a manger, while a few pigs and goats are out on the hills, shepherded by a small boy. Outside, basking in the sun, there are always dogs. Those big, ill-bred "lurchers," whose numerous carcasses, in various stages of decomposition, are scattered along the shore at high tide, shot in the night by the Excisemen, as they swim ashore from some row-boat out in the bay or as they cross the sands on their way to some neighbouring cottage, each one with a load of contraband, bound up in a waterproof, strapped to its back. The education of these dogs involves a lot of cruelty. In the day they are taken out to sea, thrown in, with a mimic load on their backs, and on arrival at the shore, unless prompted by instinct to make a bee line for their home, are hounded along thither with sticks, stones, and the discharges of blank ammunition. All this instils into them a wholesome dread of meeting or passing anybody while on these trips. Carabinero patrols constantly discover on the neutral ground by the Rock buried treasure, in the shape of tobacco and spirits, which has been landed at night and hidden, with a view to its being smuggled by day in driblets into Spain. The men at the Customs House have their work cut out to prevent such things, for at daybreak and sunset six days a week 5,000 workpeople go into and return from the Rock, working all day at the new docks. One sees them behind the bushes in the public gardens, and openly on the roadside, stuffing their specially-prepared stockings and their other clothing with sugar, salt, tobacco, and such like.



Photo, Press Picture Agency.

THE CASTLE OF SOFIERO AT SCANDIA.: King Oscar's wedding-gift to Prince Gustavus on the occasion of his marriage to Princess Margaret of Connaught. The young Royal couple will spend the greater part of their time at this magnificent residence.



Photo, Russell.

THE WEDDING FESTIVITIES AT WINDSOR: The bride and bridegroom leaving St. George's Chapel.

The Making of a Nation.

Rear-Admiral Evans appears to have been almost overpowered by the discovery that the captain of a Japanese battleship was once his cabin-boy, says the *Evening Standard*. We all know that some of the foremost men in the Japan of to-day spent a probationary period almost penniless in England; that others performed menial service in the great cities of America, France, and Germany; others worked as coolies in Manchuria and Korea. Wherever there was work to be done or information to be gained, there the Japanese went. It was all a means to an end. There was a little Japanese working in England where they make guns. He lodged with an Englishman, who could not understand why every day the little man brought home hundreds of slips of paper full of figures. He understood later. A new gun was being made, and the Japanese observer was getting the details as they came along. By the time that the first gun was finished, Tokio had received from him full particulars of the weapon, and was already at work making it.

Illustrious Cabin Boys.

The Japanese Navy is not the first to recruit her captains from those who have begun life as cabin boys and servants in personal attendance upon others. England has benefited by the service of many such men. Indeed, it is too dreadful to think what, but for these, would have become of the navy during the bad old days when a man-o'-war meant nothing more than a place in which to find a well-paid sinecure for a court favourite. Three great names stand out in the list of illustrious cabin boys. First, there was Sir Christopher Mings; he was a cabin boy at the outset, but lived to win imperishable renown. His cabin boy became Sir John Narborough; and the cabin boy of Sir John Narborough became Sir Cloudesley Shovel.

Old "Limerick" Revived.

Rather late in the day the following "Limerick" is making its appearance. Eighteen years ago it had a round of the Press:

A blue-blooded babe of Madrid,
Who boasted descent from the Cid,
Kicked, squalled, and went on so,
His nurse said, "Alfonso!
You're acid in temper, young kid!"

Photo, Illustrations Bureau.

EASTERN GUESTS: The Chinese Ambassador and his wife arriving at Windsor.

Photo, Illustrations Bureau.

THE WEDDING FESTIVITIES AT WINDSOR: The 2nd Grenadiers Band passing through the High Street of the Royal Borough.

From a snapshot by a "P.I.P." Reader.

A snapshot by a "P.I.P." reader (taken at St. Peter's, Jersey) of a pair of whale's jawbones, about fifteen feet high. The whale was caught some time ago in the Greenland Sea. Some idea of the enormous size of these bones may be gathered from a comparison with the horse and man photographed beside them.

Mr. F. S. Jackson.

There is no doubt that Mr. Francis Stanley Jackson, who has been chosen captain of the English team in the Test Matches, is the finest all-round cricketer we have (says the *Rapid Review*). He is one of the four best amateur batsmen England possesses, "Ranji," MacLaren, and Fry making up the quartet. He is an irreproachable bowler, either to go on first or as a change, and his smartness at cover or extra-cover is ample evidence of his fielding powers. Mr. Jackson—"Jacker" to his admirers—was born at Chapel Allerton, near Leeds, in the November of 1870. He went *viâ* Harrow and Cambridge into the Army, but nowadays he is a director of the great firm of Jacksons, Ltd., of Leeds. Still, he "put in" two strenuous years at the front in the South African War, was invalided home, but returned to the fighting line when convalescent. His father is Lord Allerton, the first Baron, having been raised to the peerage in 1902. Mr. Jackson came into first-class cricket in 1890. His continuously splendid record is too lengthy for insertion here. Suffice it to say that as early as 1898 he had realised Lord Hawke's wish and his own ambition by placing his name on the roll of those cricketers who have hit 1,000 runs and captured over 100 wickets in one season. For then he "bagged" 104 victims for fifteen runs apiece. He has achieved every honour possible to a cricketer. And he is an amateur who pays every penny of his own expenses.

A Record Suit.

On the first day of the Agricultural Show recently held at Chipping Norton, an enterprising tailor made arrangements to measure for and make a suit of clothes to be worn the same afternoon. Councillor John Busby, on whose land the show was held, accepted the invitation, and the mayor selected the cloth from which the suit was to be made at 8.30 a.m., Mr. Walsh commenced cutting out at 9.30 a.m., after which it was sent to the tailor's shop, and at 11.10 the suit was complete, ready for wear, and at 11.40 Mr. Busby was on the show-ground wearing the clothes.—*Tailor and Cutter.*

Length and Cost of Law Cases.

Quoting Mr. Justice Walton's remark after hearing a case which had lasted a week, "All trials are getting longer nowadays"—Mr. Frederick Payler, in *Macmillan's Magazine*, maintains that it applies to civil and criminal proceedings alike. Among the chief causes are to be numbered the increasing subtlety of the legal mind, a deficient sense of proportion between the issues involved and the cost of the remedy, and the increase in the number of actions affecting wealthy companies with well-filled war-chests. It is interesting to recall a few recent cases that confirm Mr. Justice Walton's statement, and the selection will testify that it is not to any particular division, but to all alike, that his remarks apply so far as the High Courts are concerned. The "Hartopp *v.* Hartopp and Cowley" case occupied thirteen whole days, demanded the attendance of fourteen counsel, and entailed the calling of fifty-five witnesses. The "Pollard *v.* Pollard" intervention proceedings occupied eleven days, as a mere preliminary to prosecutions at the Old Bailey, which ran away with many weeks. "J. and P. Coates *v.* Crossland," a Chancery matter, employed Mr. Justice Swinfen Eady and sixteen counsel more than a fortnight. Ten days were absorbed in the King's Bench Division with the case "Denaby Main Colliery Company *v.* The Miners' Association." The slander action of "Sievier *v.* Duke" took a full week; and the huge bulk of time allotted to the London and Globe case may be gauged from the fact that it kept twenty-three lawyers busily employed, the largest number probably ever briefed in a single trial. Despite the advice of many judges that, on the whole, it is better not to go to law, the fighting spirit dominates, and men fly to law on the slightest provocation, regardless of the cost of the remedy they are espousing, and knowing still less of its pitfalls. Not many months ago counsel applied for leave to appeal in a matter which involved the recovery of the modest sum of £50, and yet had cost at the first trial £1,000. The appeal would run away with little short of another £1,000. A few years ago £600 was spent in Chancery proceedings over a matter which, with the exercise of a compromising spirit, could have been set right for £5.

Great Bowling Feats

There have been several instances of great bowling feats upon very difficult wickets, but the most meritorious results, in Mr. MacLaren's opinion, have been accomplished when the wicket was good, and many runs were reasonably expected. He gives some instances of such achievements in the *Badminton Magazine*: "Of bowling performances of rare merit that I have seen one which stands but by itself is T. Richardson's great work in the second innings of the Manchester Test Match in 1896, when our opponents had but 125 to get to win owing to our miserable batting (with the brilliant exception of K. S. Ranjitsinhji, who carried out his bat for 154). With only 125 to make on a good wicket, it was long odds on a sound licking for us; but so well did Richardson bowl that at the fall of the seventh wicket twenty-five runs were still wanted. Kelly and Trumble hit off the required number. It took them, however, an hour to do, thanks to the excellence of the attack. Richardson bowled for three hours, on a wicket such as we do not see nowadays at Old Trafford, taking six wickets for 76 runs, scarcely an indifferent-length ball being sent down, whilst he was bowling as fast at the finish as he did at the commencement of the innings. It was hard, indeed, that a performance so striking should not have borne better fruit, but our bad batting just made it impossible for him to make up leeway." Probably the most successful of all fast bowlers on what appeared to be good wickets was Mold, when at his best. Whilst playing for Lancashire he had some wonderful records. With him on his side Mr. MacLaren never knew what might befall his opponents. At Brighton, on that very fast wicket, before K. S. Ranjitsinhji and C. B. Fry came along, Mold used to rattle the Sussex side out year after year: "At Trent Bridge he probably bowled as well as he ever did when in 1895 against Notts he took eight wickets for 20 runs on a true Notts wicket, against such players as Shrewsbury, W. Gunn, A. O. Jones, and J. G. Dixon. In the second innings his analysis read seven for 65. On another occasion he took seven wickets for 43 against Kent at Manchester in 1896, which certainly won us that match. There was no getting away from the fact that when that particular ball came along the batsmen had to retire." Of England's bowlers in Mr. MacLaren's time J. T. Hearne, T. Richardson, and Peel, in his opinion, have done best. Many would add Young to the trio; at Leeds he bowled very finely against the Australians on their last tour but one in England. "I had almost forgotten Hearne's hat trick against Noble, Gregory, and Hill—a pretty hot trio—which probably would have won us the match on the second day but for the unfortunate illness of Briggs, rain preventing any play on the last day of the match. Rhodes's fine performance in taking seven wickets for 17 runs in the last Birmingham test match had also nearly slipped my memory. On that occasion he suited his pace to the slowness of the wicket, like the artist he is. Noble, too, in the second test of our 1900-1 tour in Australia took seven wickets for 17 runs on a terrible wicket, his bowling being quite unplayable."

This photo was taken at Kizan, and shows the Russian peasants paying their taxes (to carry on the war) with their cattle.

Brave Policeman Rewarded.

Sir Albert de Rutzen, at Bow Street, presented £10 to Police-constable Battersby, of the B Division, who had been recommended for reward for gallant conduct. While two men were working in a cellar at a chemist's shop in Pimlico Road they broke a bottle of nitric acid, and the cellar became filled with dangerous fumes. Battersby opened a trap-door leading to the cellar, helped one man into the open air, and then at great personal risk went into the cellar and groped his way in the dark until he found the second workman, who was unconscious. Although he was a heavy man, Battersby got him up a steep ladder, and then helped a doctor to restore him to consciousness.

A Gallant Sailor.

Sir Edmund Fremantle celebrated his sixty-ninth birthday last week. Grandson of the Fremantle who fought with Nelson at Teneriffe, Copenhagen, and Trafalgar, Admiral Fremantle spent over half a century in the navy, for he did his earliest service in the Burmese campaign of 1852, and there is no quarter of the habitable globe where he has not seen service.

The Penalty.

Many years ago a board was fixed on the sands at Scullercoats, near Tynemouth. On it was the following:

NOTICE.

Any person passing beyond this point will be drowned

By Order of the Magistrates.

Japan and Asia.

To students of affairs in the East, one of the most useful publications bearing on the topic is the Atlas of the British Empire and Asia, which is presented free to anyone applying to the Guy's Tonic Company, 12 Buckingham Palace Road, London, S.W. This work is certainly one of the most interesting publications of its class. It contains not only complete and accurate maps of the British Isles and the Colonies, but also good-sized reproductions of the most authentic maps of Russia, China, and Japan, including the whole of the Trans-Siberian Railway, in such a form as to be of exceptional reference value to all who are following events in the East. The large central map of the Continent of Asia gives a bird's-eye view of the extensive theatre of the great war in a most compact and comprehensive manner. Besides, the booklet is full of suggestive matter under several heads, not, of course, forgetting the important question of Digestion, which the Guy's Tonic Company specialises. As a free offer to our readers, it is certainly one of the most enterprising, and, at the same time, useful efforts we remember to have seen. We suggest immediate application for a copy, mentioning this journal, to Guy's Tonic Company, 12 Buckingham Palace Road, London, S.W

PUSHBALL, AT RANELAGH, BY THE 21st LANCERS. The ball scatters the spectators.

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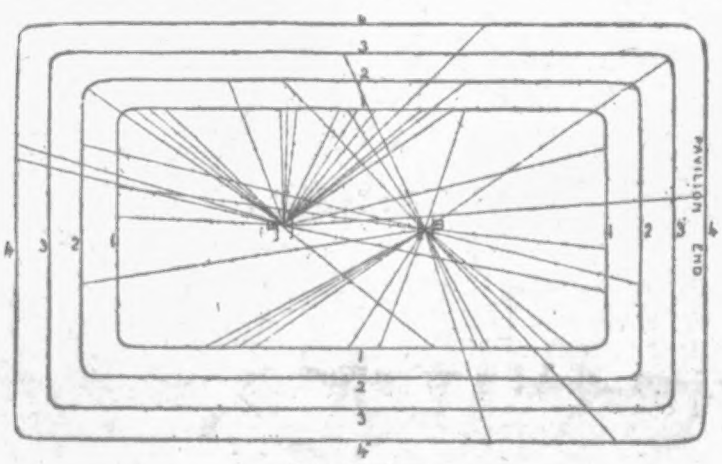
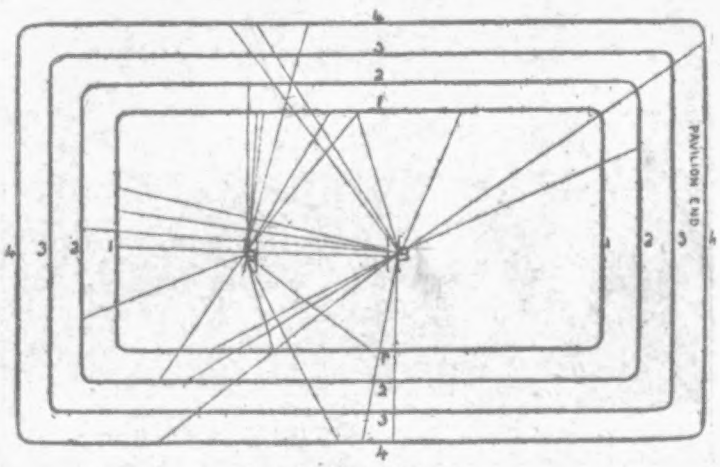
These are some of the features which appear each week, and every man and woman will be the better and the wiser for reading them.

Several new features are in preparation.



C. B. FRY'S 73.

These unique diagrams (reproduced by permission from the "Daily Express") show how C. B. Fry and A. C. MacLaren respectively made 73 and 56 in the second Test Match at Lord's. The variety of strokes is indicated with their value, and are characteristic of the different styles of the two great batsmen. In C. B. Fry's compilation it will be seen that there were an extraordinary number of strokes made on the on-side.



A. C. MACLAREN'S 56.

There were few cuts in MacLaren's innings, driving and square-leg hitting forming the scheme of his most useful opening.

THE WORLD OF PASTIME.

CRICKET.

It was, perhaps, a little unfortunate for England that the second Test Match should have "dried up" at Lord's owing to the rain that fell with such depressing persistency last Saturday. Yet, with all our lead of 252 runs with five wickets to fall, it was no certainty that we should have won had the match been played to a finish, for the Australians have such admirable powers of battling up against odds that anything short of 350 runs lead might have ended in disaster to England. Taken altogether, the play that actually happened was productive of little spectacular cricket, but to the keen observer there was a lot of interest in the dogged struggle for the mastery between the bat and the ball. The winning of the toss by F. S. Jackson was not an unmixed blessing, for the Lord's wicket, when wet, is a speculative kind of affair. However, in such an important contest it would have been chancing too much to have sent in the opposing side.

According to some "special" correspondents—descriptive writers who know nothing, or next to nothing, of the finer points of the game—Thursday's proceedings chiefly consisted of many yawns and few hits. But, as aforesaid, people who could appreciate the situation brought about by the difficulties of the pitch got plenty of enjoyment in watching the careful manner in which the batsmen avoided falling into a trap, and also in seeing the many devices adopted by the bowlers to get the batsmen to come out of their shell.

One or two players on each side came out of the match with enhanced reputations, MacLaren and Fry batting superbly for England, while nothing finer could have been wished for than the magnificent way in which Trumper, Darling, and Armstrong shaped on the tricky wicket on Friday. Fry's success should silence for ever those carping critics who suggested that he could not get runs against Australian bowling. Not only did he make over a hundred runs for once out, but he made them in masterly style.

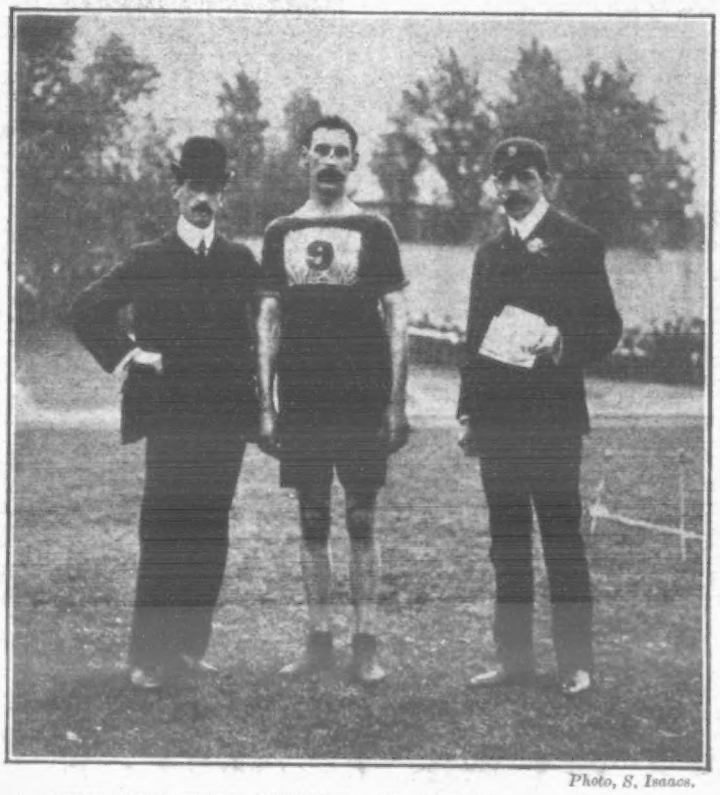
Of the English bowlers not much can be said that is flattering. Rhodes and Haigh had a pitch to perform on that could not have favoured their styles more if it had been specially prepared for them. Yet Rhodes seemed unable to find his length for any space of time, and Haigh was not so deadly as we could have wished. Jackson bowled the best on our side, and the English skipper, although he had the mortification of being out first ball in the second innings, can look back on the match with equanimity, if not with pride. For the Australians Noble bowled with such steadiness and skill that the wonder is not that the Englishmen could not get many runs from his deliveries, but rather that he did not capture more wickets. Laver and McLeod, too, did excellent work, but most success was achieved by Armstrong, who, in taking three wickets in the final stages of Friday's play, produced one of the few sensations of the match.

The absence of George Hirst from the match was regrettable, but, in my opinion, the decision to play A. O. Jones in preference to the famous all-round Yorkshireman was wise, in view of the doubt that existed as to Hirst's weak knee. Let us hope that he will be thoroughly sound for the third of the series of test games which is to be commenced on July 3 at Leeds. I don't anticipate more than one, or at the most, two, of the team which did duty at Lord's will be dropped, though I quite anticipate the reinclusion of G. L. Jessop and, if the wicket is likely to be hard, a really fast bowler.

Just at present we have not too many express speed trundlers. In fact, those of real class can be counted on the fingers of one hand. Brearley, of Lancashire, wants all the beating the best can give him, but then Arnold, Warren, and Wass, have claims of no common order. Indeed, it is no novelty to mix with a cricket group and find the merits of the three a subject of heated discussion. The Derbyshire man has certainly been going great guns recently, while on Monday Wass took seven Yorkshire wickets for only 28 runs.

Naturally the Test Match dwarfed the interest in the other first-class contests, and the weather further tended to damp one's enthusiasm. The champions, Lancashire, easily disposed of Kent, and beat them by eight wickets; and, although the weather was bad, Sussex just had time to beat Somerset by two wickets, despite some good bowling by Len Braund, who in the match secured thirteen wickets for 146. A tame finish resulted from the meeting of Cambridge University and Warwickshire, honours being divided; and rain prevented a definite result being arrived at in the Leicestershire *v.* Surrey match.

I am glad of an opportunity to call attention to the Commercial Travellers' Cricket Club. Established over thirty years, its object is to benefit the Commercial Travellers' Charitable Institutions, to which object it has contributed 2,425 guineas. The charities support 600 children, and £12,000 were disbursed for the support of the aged and infirm last year alone. On July 1 the Town and Country Travellers play a match at Catford, and on July 22 they oppose Whittlebury, the seat of Mr. Cooper, brother of Sir Daniel Cooper. It is whispered that a number of Lord's professionals will be commercial travellers for the occasion, but Mr. Cooper will not be caught napping, for I understand that he will meet the "bagmen" with their own weapons. All the proceeds go to the charities referred to



Photo, S. Isaacs.

A NEW WALKING RECORD: Mr. J. Butler, who achieved a most notable performance in the fifty miles walk of the Hairdressers' Athletic Club at Putney. The photograph was taken when he was about to retire, after walking eight hours and covering 50 miles 1,190 yards.

THE SECOND TEST MATCH: Hayward and Maclaren going in to bat.

ATHLETICS and CYCLING.

Saturday last was not a particularly busy day in the athletic and cycling world, but then the myriad of holiday meetings had exhausted the energy of the patrons of the path for the time being, and to many it was a welcome rest from active work. However, there was one well-patronised meeting in the Metropolis, that of the Kildare A.A.A.

Time was when it was one of the most popular meetings in the country, but of late years it has lost some of its importance—that is, as far as the open events are concerned. First at old Lillie Bridge, and after that at Stamford Bridge, the meeting attracted the best entries from all four corners of Britain, but of late the gathering has taken place at the club's private ground at Acton, and has been more of a social function than in the days of old.

A large entry had been secured for the open events, the 100yds. in particular being well patronised. This was won by H. J. Gleeson, who had the useful start of 10yds. A mile relay race, open to London business houses, was won by the Railway Clearing House team, and A. E. Burberry, who has done well this season, added to his list of prizes by securing the 440yds. from the 15yds. mark.

The open mile was won by E. Robbins, of the Kent House A.C., J. King, Highgate Harriers, was second, and W. A. Cox, of the home club and Queen's Park Harriers, third. In the members' events the most successful competitors were C. Pilbrow (100yds.), C. J. Dalton (scratch in the mile), C. W. Humphreys (back marker in the sprint), and B. B. Mash secured the hurdles.

The postponed meeting under the auspices of the East Greenwich Gas works A.C. was decided on Saturday, and sport was fairly good. The principal winners were E. Sheen, 100yds. F. G. Oram, one mile bicycle; H. J Bellamy, veterans' race; J. Satch, one mile; and three miles bicycle race, F. Marshall.

One would have thought the rain would have been kind to charity, but it did not spare the Northampton Hospital Sports, and the attendance suffered by about 50 per cent. Events afloat and awheel were on the card, and, despite the slippery nature of the ground, sport ruled fairly good. The final of the sprint went to T. Austin, of Kettering, and the half-mile to G. E. Broxen, of the Belgrave H. W. G. Palmer, of Islington, won the two miles walk; W. Thorneycroft, of Birmingham, the mile; the 220yds. was secured by S. King, of Hastings. A. F. Lewis, Birchfield Harriers, won the steeplechase, and the two miles went to S. H. Martin, of Kettering Town. H. E. Stokes, of the Bloxwich Coventry C.C., won both the half-mile and mile bicycle races.

The members of the tobacco trade had a big meeting at Stamford Bridge, and the open events resulted as follows:—Half-mile bicycle, G. J. Watkin, Abingdon C.C.; one mile bicycle, H. Wilson, Putney A.C.; 100yds. (flat), C. R. Dibben, Finchley Harriers; and half-mile (flat), W. E. Atkinson, Belgrave Harriers.

The quarter of a mile Irish Cycling Championship was decided at Belfast, and was secured by J. S. Benyon, of Manchester, who beat Leon Meredith by a wheel. Ben Jones, of Wigan, was third.

G. B. Tincler, of Dublin, and Alec Nelson, of London, ran a half-mile match at Rochdale for £50 aside. The former is the one and three miles champion, and the Londoner claims the distinction at 1000yds., who was, therefore, presumably more suited by the distance than his antagonist. The weather was all against the men, and the time was of necessity slow, 2min. 1½sec. being nothing out of the way for the class. It was a hard race, and Nelson won by 2yds.

ROWING.

Quite a number of crews took up residence in the neighbourhood of Henley in the early part of this week, among them being the Americans, who arrived in England late on Saturday night. The Vesper craft was got afloat on Monday for the first time, but the form of the men did not make a very favourable impression among up-river men. Still, the Americans have plenty of time to lick themselves into shape, so to speak, and waterside critics' first impressions very often have to be modified. The American party have taken "Maitlands," Vicarage Road, for their stay, and I am told that quarters have been booked at Henley for the German competitors.

Photo, Foster.

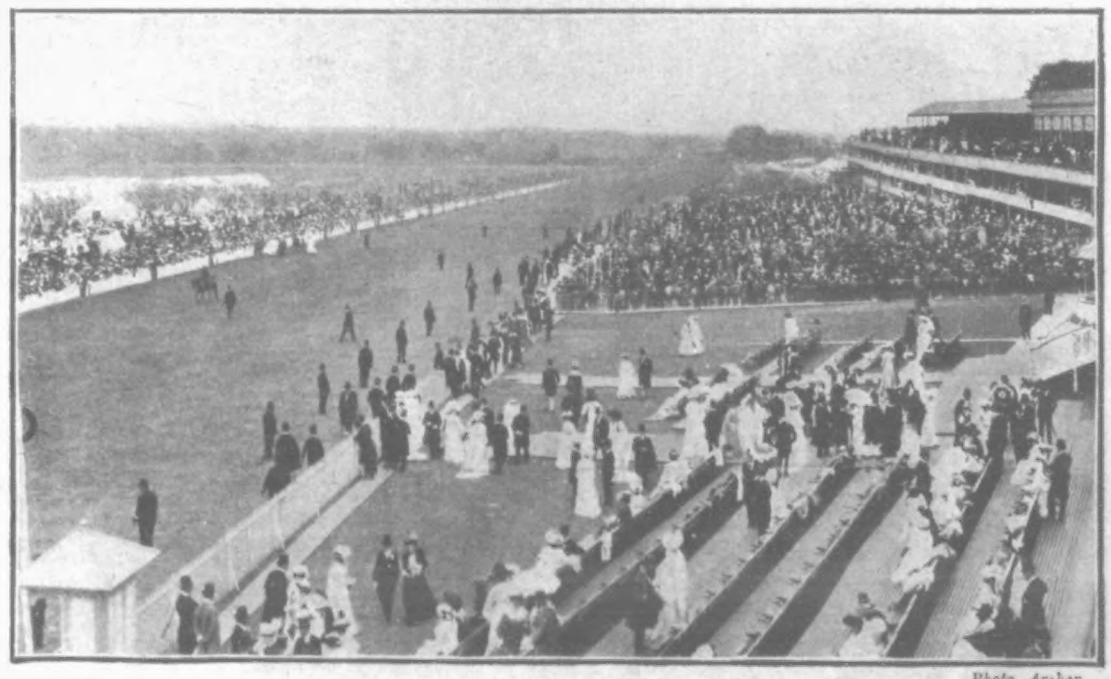
HAIGH, the well-known Yorkshire bowler.

GOLF.

Lawyers were very busy last Saturday on the links. Mr. B. Darwin, the old Cambridge captain and an International, was the winner of the Bar Golfing Society's annual tournament at Sandwich. On the same course the Bar beat the London Solicitors' Society by five matches to two. On Monday the annual competition for the Royal St. George's Cup—the most valuable golf trophy in existence—was competed for, also at Sandwich, the winner being Mr. R. Harris, of Acton and Carnoustie, whose aggregate was 154. Mr. G. S. Worthington (Mid-Surrey) and Lieut. Cecil K. Hutchinson (Coldstream Guards) tied for second place at 159.

Racing Yacht as Mission Ship.

The fine racing yacht *Privateer*, of 108 tons, which won several races in English waters under the name of *Olga*, has been presented to the Methodists of Australia for mission work among the South Sea islands.



Photo, Archer.

ROYAL ASCOT: Clearing the Course

P. I. P. PLAYGOER.

His Majesty's Theatre was crowded on the occasion of the testimonial matinée given to Mr. Lionel Brough to celebrate the fact that he has completed fifty years on the stage. Mr. Brough's jubilee is a notable event, and the performance was worthy of it. It began at one o'clock, and it was nearly seven when the audience left the theatre. The list of performers included Sir Henry Irving, Mr. George Alexander, Mr. Tree, Mr. Cyril Maude and Miss Winifred Emery, Mr. Arthur Bourchier, Miss Violet Vanbrugh, and Mr. John Hare. Mme. Réjane, Mr. Lewis Waller, and Mr. Charles Warner were among the reciters, and Mr. Ben Davies and others sang. At the end of the performance Mr. Brough was led on to the stage by Mr. Tree, dressed as D'Orsay in "The Last of the Dandies." Grouped round the stage was a notable gathering of players and journalists, including veterans like Mr. Fernandez, Mr. Herman Vezin, Miss Ellen Terry, Mr. Charles Collette, and Mr. Harry Paulton. Mr. Tree, in a few hearty words, congratulated Mr. Brough on his jubilee. He recalled his most notable performances, and referred, among others, to his clever personation of a Yorkshireman. With all his successes, however, it was as "Lal" Brough that his friends loved and admired him the most. Mr. Brough, speaking with great emotion, thanked his friends in the house and on the stage for all their kindness, and when the curtain fell he was re called again and again. It is understood that the benefit realised over £1,000.

Mr. Arthur Bourchier, who has been out of the bill of "The Walls of Jericho" at the Garrick Theatre, owing to a bad throat, is quite restored to health, and is playing in every performance of that play. During his absence his part was played most successfully by Mr. Sydney Valentine.

Mme Patti took elaborate precautions against burglars at Craig-y-Nos. "T.A.T." tells of a guest there who was spending a sleepless night, and rose before dawn to open his bedroom window. Directly he did so there was a violent ringing of bells in different parts of the castle. The visitor made his way downstairs, only to find himself in imminent danger of being lacerated by a whole troop of snapping and snarling dogs. It turned out that he had unwittingly set the diva's patent burglar traps going, the dogs being released from their chains by an electric connection with the window.

Miss Ethel Irving has arranged with Mme. Georgette Leblanc-Maeterlinck for a series of matinées to be given at the Criterion Theatre. Mme. Leblanc-Maeterlinck, who is the wife of the author of "Aglavaine and Selysette," the unlicensed "Monna Vanna" and the still better-known "Pelleas and Melisande," calls her afternoon entertainment "Dramatic, Musical and Literary Causeries." Mme. Maeterlinck is very well known among the artistic public of London, and during recent seasons she has made several successful visits to this city. Her season at the Criterion Theatre, however, will be the first definite engagement she has undertaken at a London playhouse, and her programme should be of extreme interest to both the dramatic and artistic publics. Mme. Leblanc-Maeterlinck, who sings, recites, and lectures during the progress of her programme, is original not only in the form of her entertainment but also in the style of its exposition. She affects the classic type both in costume and surroundings, and her accompaniment to songs and recitations is provided by an orchestra of picked musicians, among whom may be mentioned M. Gabriel Fabre, who has set to music so many of Maeterlinck's most celebrated songs.

M. Coquelin was once asked if he ever forgot a part after learning it. He replied that he could step on the stage at any moment, and play Figaro or Mascarille, or any of the other repertory parts he had learned in his younger days. "I have only to open my mouth," he said, "and the speeches come out like a ribbon that is being unwound from a reel. But I am of opinion that after forty a man's memory hardens. At all events, if I have to play a part that I learned in later life, I require just one rehearsal in order to be sure of myself."

The announcement that Miss Ethel Barrymore would play in America the part created here by Miss Ellen Terry in "Alice Sit-by-the-Fire" has a peculiar interest. For Miss Barrymore is only twenty-four years old—and the character she is to assume is that of a mother of a grown-up son and daughter. In times past a "star" actress would have felt insulted in being asked to play any part which necessitated her looking more than half her real age. Miss Barrymore made no such objection, and her reputation will not suffer for it. The really young can afford to play at being old.

That highly deserving institution, the Charing Cross Hospital, is to be benefited by a grand matinée to be given at Drury Lane Theatre Royal on Thursday, June 29, by kind permission of the directors and Mr. Arthur Collins. A long and varied programme will be presented, the following being some of the ladies and gentlemen who have promised their services: Mr. Arthur Bourchier, Mr. W. Louis Bradfield, Mr. Matthew Brodie, Miss Constance Collier, Mr. Frank Cooper, Miss Darragh, Mr. Willie Edouin, Miss Winifred Emery, Mr. H. V. Esmond, Mr. Robert Evett, Miss Vane Featherstone, Mlle. Adeline Genee, Mr. George Graves, Mr. George Grossmith, Miss Iris Hawkins, Miss Annie Hughes, Miss Marie Lloyd, Miss Gladys Marsden, Mr. Cyril Maude, Mr. Austin Melford, Miss Eva Moore, Mr. Harry Paulton, Miss Nancy Price, Mr. Arthur Prince, Mr. Malcolm Scott, La Tortajada, Mr. H. Beerbohm Tree, Miss Violet Vanbrugh, Miss Lottie Venne, Mr. James Welch, and Mr. Arthur Williams. On this occasion the ordinary prices will be charged for the seats, which may be booked at the theatre and at the usual libraries.

I should advise our readers to pay a visit to the Coliseum while Mr. Rutland Barrington's song-scena turn, "The Tramp," is on. The worn-out old soldier is a study of character that gives Mr. Barrington the opportunity of showing how great an actor as well as comedian he is.

The *Manchester Guardian* recalls some stories of the scrupulous care with which each Gilbert and Sullivan opera was produced, and of the passion of the author and composer for absolute correctness of detail. An amusing instance is mentioned in "The Savoy Opera." In the gathering of the peers in "Iolanthe" strict old-fashioned shaving was insisted upon. "Every peer was to be bald a-top, and display little or no hair save the correct mutton-chop whisker. The general order for shaving almost led to a strike among the members of the chorus. Many ingenious excuses were offered. One was a traveller in the day-time, and though a peer by night he would lose custom by appearing so young. Another was a 'spirit leveller,' and it was unusual in his calling to be without moustaches. A third was paying his addresses to a young lady, who would be sure to object. All, however, yielded save one, who actually resigned." On one occasion, when "The Mikado" was being rehearsed, Mr. Gilbert called out from the middle of the stalls, "There is a gentleman in the left group not holding his fan correctly." The stage manager appeared, and explained: "There is one gentleman," he said, "who is absent through ill-health." "Ah," came the reply from the author, in grave, matter-of-fact tones, "that is not the gentleman I am referring to."

After a short rest Mr. Willie Edouin will undertake an important part in a musical play entitled "The Blue Moon," which will be produced at the Lyric after the close of Mr. Martin Harvey's season. This piece was written by the late Mr. Harold Ellis, and new lyrics will be added by Messrs. Paul Rubens, C. H. Taylor, and Percy Greenbank. For the production Mr. Robert Courlneidge will be responsible.

Much interest will be aroused in the production by Mr. Beerbohm Tree of a version of "Oliver Twist" by Mr. Comyns Carr at a special performance at His Majesty's Theatre on Monday evening, July 10. The part of the Jew will be undertaken by Mr. Tree, and is a character he will revel in, and his make-up, I understand, is to be most striking, Miss Constance Collier, also in the cast, playing the unhappy Nancy.

A contemporary announces that Miss Stella Gastelle has been robbed of her jewels while staying at an hotel at Birmingham, and the manager of the "Amorelle" and "La Poupée" company, Mr. Levilly, estimates her loss at over £200. One strange fact is that a diamond brooch worth £80 and a diamond pin value £50, also several silver-backed hair-brushes and combs, many of them ornamented with diamonds, were not stolen.

In July some changes take place at the Vaudeville Theatre, Mr. Hicks and Miss Terriss relinquishing their parts in "The Catch of the Season," Miss Phyllis Dare playing the character of Little Cinderella, and Mr. Stanley Brett taking that of the Duke. Mr. Hicks and his wife, in bringing to a close their five years' engagement at the Vaudeville, purpose after a short holiday starting on a provincial tour with "The Catch of the Season," under the direction of Mr. Frohman. The piece still drawing well at the Vaudeville no change will be made in the cast.

Mr. Joseph Conrad is the latest recruit added to the list of dramatic authors from the ranks of the novelists, and a one-act drama written by him will be produced at the Stage Society's final performance at the Royalty Theatre on the 27th inst.

I understand that only thirteen minutes are to be the limit Mr. Shaw places on his "Passion, Poison, and Petrification or the Fatal Gazogene," given at the *fête* held at the Botanical Gardens in aid of the Actors' Orphanage Fund. The two popular artists, Mr. G. P. Huntley and Mr. Arthur Williams, will appear in the sketch, and Mr. Cyril Maude and Mr. Eric Lewis.

There is some changing of parts at the Apollo Theatre, Mr. John Le Hay taking Mr. George Graves's place in the part of Monsieur Coquenard in "Veronique," and Mr. Graves appearing as General Des Ifs, in place of Mr. Willie Edouin, in the "Little Michus" at Daly's Theatre.

THE PROMPTER.

Photo, Campbell Gray.

"BARBIERE DI SIVIGLIA" at the Waldorf Theatre, London: Mlle. Alice Nielsen and Sig. Ancona in duet.

Photo, Lallie Charles.

A Charming Photo of Miss Evie Green, who is about to leave England for an American tour.

Photo, Boyer.

MME. GEORGETTE LEBLANC-MAETERLINCK (the wife of the well-known writer), who is now appearing at the Criterion Theatre, London.

DON'T LOOK OLD.—With advancing years greyness increases. Stop this with LOCKYER'S SULPHUR HAIR RESTORER, which darkens to the former colour and preserves the appearance. LOCKYER'S large Bottles everywhere.—[ADVT.]

THE INAUGURATION OF THE L.C.C. STEAMBOAT SERVICE: Special "P.I.P." Sketch of the Royal Naval Volunteers on H.M.S. "Buzzard" cheering the Prince of Wales as he passed on the first boat.

A **FAMOUS ACTOR'S JUBILEE:** The great matinee in honour of Mr. Lionel Brough at His Majesty's Theatre. Special Sketches by "P.I.P." Artist.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

Children Love Occupation.

Children are a constant proof of Aristotle's theory that life consists in movement. They soon tire of having nothing to do.

Their nature is essentially restless, and they are always happiest, and consequently less troublesome, when continually occupied with some form of practical or mental activity.

Childhood is the proper time of life for experimenting. Children enjoy being taught and encouraged to try and do new things, and thus you can learn what they are able and what they like best to do.

It is a pity that all children cannot have the advantage of living their youth in the free, open country. Then it is impossible for them not to feel the brightness and the joy of living, for there is happiness and joyousness in Nature. Our boys and girls who have learned the secrets of Nature can give lessons in endurance, simplicity, and enterprise. Their harder lives have taught them independence and resource.

There is no playground in the world to be found with such a variety of games as Dame Nature's.

It is always filled with things worth knowing how to do, and object lessons the value of which we cannot calculate.

In the matter of occupation at home, nothing will arouse interest in a child's mind so much as work about the house or garden, especially when he is given a small proprietorship in things.

Tell your boy that the garden belongs to him, and give him the necessary implements for their care, and see the interest, pride, and industry that will develop from that sense of proprietorship.

Let your small daughter own the kitchen once or twice a week, and shoulder the responsibility of a simple supper. Her interest in the work will be greatly enhanced by her sense of ownership and responsibility.

It is useless to expect children to like work for its own sake any better than you do yourself, but you can prevent them, by judicious management, from taking a dislike for work that they will later on in their lives certainly find necessary.

The world needs persons of talent, of energy, and above all, of rightly directed industry.

Mock Crab.

Rub to a smooth paste two tablespoonfuls of grated cheese with one tablespoonful of butter, a saltspoonful each of mustard, salt, a little anchovy essence or paste, cayenne, and a teaspoonful of vinegar. Spread this on dry toast, garnish, and serve.

To Renovate Oilcloth.

When oilcloth is losing its shiny surface, it can be made to last longer and to look quite new once more by varnishing it over with glue. Wash the oilcloth thoroughly and let it dry. Then, at night, when the traffic of the day is over, go over it with a piece of flannel dipped in glue-water. Choose a dry day for it, and in the morning the glue will be quite hard and the floorcloth new-looking. The glue-water must be prepared some time before it is needed by putting a small quantity of glue in a pint or so of water and letting it stand on the stove till dissolved.

A Slice of Lemon used as Soap.

A slice of lemon used as soap at the toilet works wonders on the skin. The acid searches out the hidden grime that may be contained in the pores, and cleanses these tiny pipes as soap could never do. No polisher for the nails can excel in efficiency this same lemon-slice, which takes out all stains from the corners of the nails, polishes up their horny texture, makes them shine, and softens the thin skin at the roots so that the half-moons at the end show up well.

Waking the Enemy.

Have you never wondered why it is that spring and autumn cleanings are so frequently followed by influenza and other disorders? The reason is that when these have occurred in a house, or even in the neighbourhood but outside the house, countless microbes, able to communicate the disorder that gave them origin have settled within crevices, upon shelves, behind furniture, beneath carpets, and in a thousand and one other situations where air can penetrate.

Some sceptic reader may ask: "How do you know?" Because, my friend, the dust has been examined again and again, microscopically, and the microbes, having been found, have been tested. It sometimes happens that a disease germ will enter a house and fail to find a victim, for the conditions are against its conquering. Later, when disturbed, the conditions are against the house-dwellers, and they succumb. Or a disorder may occur in the spring, and again from house cleaning in the autumn. Does this teach any useful lesson? It indicates that after any communicable disorder taking place in a household the cleaning should be immediate and thorough, and that at every ordinary occasion of turning a house topsy-turvy the residents should be on the outlook for the earliest symptoms of that most general of all ailments—influenza.

Photo, D'Arcy.

THE DUBLIN CANINE ASSOCIATION: Mrs. Lloyd Christian, the lady judge in the Toy Terrier Class.

Photo, Bassano.

THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF THE COUNTESS FABBRICOTTI, who has recently opened a milliner's shop in South Molton Street, London, W.

Boiled Lemon Pudding.

Required: Half a pound of breadcrumbs, half a pound of suet, two ounces of sugar, two ounces of flour, half the grated rind of a large lemon, and two eggs.

First chop the suet very finely and mix the flour with it. Mix with the breadcrumbs and lemon rind. Beat the yolks of eggs together and add to the pudding with a little milk. Lastly, add the stiffly beaten whites of eggs. Mix all thoroughly together, place in a greased basin and steam for two and a half hours.

Mere Nothings.

Why do we neglect so many of the smaller acts of politeness towards one another in the family circle? "They are mere nothings, and consequently of no importance whatever; in fact, they are rather a bore." This is the kind of reply that will most probably be given to the question, but it is a fallacious one.

Life is made up chiefly of little things; let that fact not be overlooked. It is the small worries, constantly recurring, which wear us out; the greater troubles, coming at long intervals, cast us down for the time, but they do not have the same total effect as the succession of minor difficulties. In the commercial world of to-day it will be found that more profit is made on large sales at a small percentage of gain than is attained by the reverse process. If a manufacturer speaks of reducing the cost of an article by one farthing, it appears to the ordinary observer that he is making much cry over little wool, but the manufacturer produces millions of such articles in twelve months, and he knows that the total of all those farthings is something to be taken into account.

So it is with the mere nothings of courtesy in the family circle, which are, unhappily, becoming more rare. It is too much of a bore for a brother to place a chair ready for his sister to take her seat at the dinner-table, for instance; and, of course, she is old and strong enough to do it for herself. It is such a nuisance, you know, for a girl to pay a little attention to her brother's small needs here and there. Then one cannot for ever be saying, "Thank you!" and other polite things, and who would expect you to?

All that sounds very plausible, and there may be no absolute need for these little politenesses; yet it is safe to say that it will pay us not to think them useless or troublesome. A united family is more infrequent than one likes to think; it would be less so if we were more careful of these mere nothings. Small acts would beget others of greater significance, and the time would come when it would really be difficult to quarrel. The effect of constantly performing these little courtesies can scarcely be overestimated. There would be more happiness in our daily lives if we were more studious of these things.

Hint for a Smoker's Wife.

To remove the marks of matches on white paint, rub first with cut lemon, then with a damp cloth dipped in powdered whiting. Rinse with cold water, and wipe dry with soft cloths.

When Papering a Small Room.

When papering a small room remember that large patterns and dark colours will make it appear smaller, while a plain or striped paper, if a light hue, will give an impression of increased size and airiness.

A Delicious Custard.

Those who like coffee will appreciate this coffee custard. Make half a pint of very strong coffee, mix with it half a pint of boiling milk and two ounces of sugar, beat four eggs with a fork, stir the coffee into them; then pour into a greased pie-dish, and bake in a very slow oven.

Baby's Mattress.

A good mattress for a child's cot may be made of torn paper. Old letters, or any clean paper which is not too stiff, may be torn into strips for this purpose. Make a stout case of the size required and fill it with the torn paper. Over this mattress lay a folded blanket.

Good Complexions.

Good complexions are the possessions of the drinkers of true lemonade — not the chemical lemonade made from bought powders, which contain acrid and sometimes injurious acids. The skin becomes clear and firm, free from spots or taints. Freckles, which are a kind of rusty stain caused by oxide of iron in the skin-layers, will often yield to lemon-juice, taken internally and used externally also.

Lobster au Gratin.

Required: A hen lobster, two tablespoonfuls of tomato purée, half an ounce of butter, half a pint of good gravy, a gill of cream, a small shallot, one ounce of breadcrumbs, a tablespoonful of chopped parsley.

Take a good-sized hen lobster, remove all the flesh and chop it coarsely. Take the meat from the claws, pound it with the coral, adding sufficient butter to moisten it. Boil the gravy down to a glaze, add a little rich cream and two tablespoonfuls of thick tomato juice. Stir all over a clear fire, adding a pinch of red pepper. Add the chopped lobster to the sauce, and place a small portion in each scallop shell. Over this, if you have it, put a layer of chopped truffles, and just cover smoothly with a little of the sauce. Have a very small shallot chopped finely, rub the basin with a cut garlic, put some fine white breadcrumbs in, also the shallot, add a little oiled butter in which the chopped paraley was heated. Scatter this mixture over the scallops and cook in a brisk oven for a quarter of an hour.

WOMAN AND HER CRITICS

The Adversary.

Perhaps in every woman whom we love there is a hidden adversary. One must either conquer or be conquered by it. Sometimes it is the woman who triumphs, sometimes it is the man; but there is always a victim.—From "The Man of the Moment," now being played at the St. James's Theatre.

Pursuit of the Male.

Directly or indirectly we are all interested in the pursuit of the desirable male, for whom every function is really arranged, whatever be the ostensible reason. When one sees on all sides how eligible men are run after, fawned upon, flattered, cajoled, and humbugged, can the truth of it be denied?—*Ladies' Field.*

Male Fallacies.

Men, I believe, lay the flattering unction to their souls that women dress for them, wear beautiful garments for the purpose of subjugating some stubborn male. Nothing is further from the truth. Women who are fond of dress, but not the victims of a mania for it, dress for each other. They know that men will not appreciate it. Where is the man who has the proper hushed respect for hand-run tucks?—Geraldine Bonner, in *Argonaut*, San Francisco.

"Society."

We are people who dine all together, and dance all together, and walk all together, and drive all together, and go to the opera all together, and live all together, come all together, and go away all together; dress alike, think alike, walk alike, say the same things in the same way, and do nothing as hard as we can from a high sense of patriotism.—*World.*

"Boudoir Counsel."

Coined as a political phrase, "Boudoir Counsel" is too good to be lost. We have long wanted it to describe those little airy, wise things which women utter among themselves; those pronouncements upon the affairs of the world spoken over the rim of a teacup; the recommendations to great men which never reach their ears. "Boudoir Counsel," surely, is the wisdom of butterflies in session.—*Lady's Pictorial.*

Feminine Guilt.

There are points on which the fair is less scrupulous than the plain sex. It is not easy to make them understand why they should not smuggle, and few of them, indeed, refrain from smuggling Tauchnitz editions of popular books. They are stealing from authors who may be needy authors. Many a lady smuggles who would no more tip her ball into the better position at croquet than she would cut a throat or scuttle a ship.—Andrew Lang, in *Longman's Magazine.*

Do Women Wish to be Free?

"Do women as a whole—the great majority of women, that is—wish to be free? Would they be happy in being quite as free as many men are free?" It is Mr. Robert Hichens who wants to know. And he answers his own question by thinking that "women who passionately rebel against any attempt on the part of men at dominion, even at guidance . . . are not typical at all." Being a man, Mr. Hichens "finds it extremely difficult to understand how any human being can take pleasure in being ruled." He records with surprise that he has met many "women of strong character," who obviously enjoyed governance, a master, and playing second fiddle. There are fashions in these matters. A little while ago (we were credibly informed) all women were revolting. Now we hear on all sides that women ever will be slaves. Perhaps the truth is that there never were many revolting women, and that the number of women who would be slaves is not quite so large as Mr. Hichens suggests. As for women wanting to be "free," there is a good deal of mystery about the word. Nobody, of course, but a lunatic or a criminal is, or desires to be, quite free. There are decencies and there are laws. And with respect to Mr. Hichens, the ordinary man "can take pleasure in being ruled" by such simple restraints as the laws of good manners. If it is not the typical woman who "passionately rebels" at guidance, probably it is not the typical man either. "Passionately rebelling," fortunately for us all, is not a fashionable game. After all, man and woman are born of the same parents and there is a strong family likeness.—*Daily Telegraph.*

P.I.P. FARMER AND GARDENER.

Richmond Horse Show.

Richmond Horse Show was held last week, and nearly two thousand pounds were offered in prizes. The first class to come under the judge's eye was that for novice hacks above the value of £5, of any type, which had never won a prize at any show before May 29. Both the first and second prizes in this were carried off by Mr. S. Vivian Gooch with his White Heather and Roseleaf. In the class for covert hacks, 15.1 hands and under, Mr. Walter Winans obtained the first prize with his chestnut gelding Blague. Mr. Winans was also successful in the class for hacks of 15 hands and over, obtaining both first and second prizes with his Maize and Sunbeam. In the class for hacks under 15 hands Mrs. Haines's "Loved One" obtained the premier award. Messrs. John Jones & Son obtained first prize with their black mare, "Welsh Princess," in the class for single harness ponies 13 hands and under. Besides the two wins previously mentioned, Mr. Walter Winans took the challenge cup for hacks, presented by himself, as well as the first prize in the class for single harness horses. An interesting feature of the class for park hacks was the appearance of Mr. John Colman's little daughter, who rode his entry, "Butterfly," astride. The challenge cup for novice park hacks, presented by Mr. Walter Winans, was won by Mr. F. Vivian Gooch, who shared with the donor of the cup the honour of obtaining three first prizes.

A Repellant Remedy.

Sour milk, they say, imbibed each day,
A lengthy life allows one.
It may be so, but this I know:
The prospect somewhat cows one.

Bracken as Food.

It has been left to the Japanese, who are always teaching somebody something, to point out that boiled bracken is a most dainty dish. Baron Suyematsu, who first drew England's attention to the edible value of the plant, has been bombarded with letters requesting further particulars. The result was that last week the staid columns of the *Times* published over the signature, "K. Suyematsu," a recipe for a dish of bracken. "Young shoots of bracken are edible at any stage before the leaves unfold or are at least not much unfolded," says the Baron. "Of course, like asparagus, the part near to the root is the first to become too hard to be eaten. He then goes on to tell how the bitter element must be extracted. In Japan this is done by soaking the shoots in wood-ash and water for a few nights. As an alternative coal-ash and soda-water might be employed. After the soaking they should be boiled. At this stage the hard, uneidible parts should be cut off and thrown away. Then the cooked article may be dished in the following fashions:—Cut into small pieces, half an inch long, and serve in the same way as threads of carrots are served in soup. After boiling in part water and part sauce serve in a similar manner to stews. Serve like asparagus. As bracken is, next to grass, the most abundant vegetable growth of the country, here is a chance for the distressed agriculturist to save a little money on his food bill."

Wild Flowers.

From a curious source comes the origin of the word buttercup. It was so designated in accordance with an old-established idea that the yellow hue of butter was attributable to the fact of these flowers being eaten by cattle. Buttercups, however, are invariably avoided by cattle, so that our forefathers were not nearly so wise as they thought they were. Cowslip is a corruption of "cow's leek." As pretty as its petals is the origin of the name of forget-me-not. A German knight and his lady fair were once taking a stroll along the river Danube, when a lady saw a beautiful flower growing in the water, and expressed a wish to possess it. Like a gallant knight that he was, the lover plunged boldly in the river and secured the prize. But, alas! his armour was heavy, the bank steep and slippery, and he was being gradually drawn by a treacherous eddy into a deep and dangerous pool. Finding he could not save himself, he flung the flowers ashore to his lady love as he disappeared beneath the waters, murmuring with his last breath the words "Forget-me not." In consequence this pretty has come to be universally regarded as the emblem of love and faithfulness.

Worthy Little Friends.

Every lover of the birds will thank the Swiss naturalist who has been fiercely denouncing the cruel and senseless slaughter of swallows which is carried on in various parts of Europe. If these birds could absent themselves for a couple of years from their summer haunts, then their value would be recognised. Hundreds of thousands of pounds are spent every year in destroying various insects which damage fruits and crops; the swallow, without money and without price, destroys more insects than a nation could well afford to pay for. The ignorant may, however, be forgiven for not knowing the worth of these birds; even Johnson believed that they hibernate under water. Year after year the bird will return from its sojourn in Africa to the same nest. One, marked, has been known to come back seven years in succession to its old haunt. In the course of a day a swallow destroys an incredible number of noxious flies. Sometimes, however, it will be found to regale itself upon bees. But then a frog will do that; Buckland found his pet croaker sitting outside a bee-hive, its jaws working like bellows. But every time the mouth closed it was to swallow a bee which came unsuspectingly from its hive.

The Profitable Strawberry.

From £70 to £80 an acre is frequently returned for strawberries, but the expenses are very heavy, amounting to as much as from £20 to £50, according to the crop. A well-known authority on this point, Mr. R. Lewis Castle, says: "Strawberries planted 2ft. apart will take nearly 11,000 plants to the acre, and at an average of half a pound per plant for four years the total annual return will be two tons and a quarter. About 10 per cent., or, say, a quarter of a ton of early selected fruits may realise 4d. per pound, or at the rate of £36 the ton, brings the total up to £45. If the general crop is early, and the fruit fine, much higher prices can be ensured, and established thriving plants of a prolific variety will yield one pound to two pounds of fruit each. The bulk of market strawberries arrive in baskets holding about twelve pounds each, and larger receptacles should never be used; in fact, the smaller the individual box or basket the better. The best fruits are packed in half-pound or one-pound baskets on movable trays in a large box, and if this is carefully done it ensures the fruit reaching the market in the most favourable condition. Strawberry farms are by no means pocket holdings. One farm at Orpington and St. Mary Cray have 650 acres under this fruit; at Sarisbury, Hants, they have sent 300 tons to market from plantations barely exceeding a square mile in area; one holding at Tiptree, Essex, covers 160 acres; and close to Wisbech a single firm has over 200 acres under cultivation. On all soils the finest early strawberry is Royal Sovereign; the best mid-season variety President, except on chalk land, where it yields pride of place to Sir J. Paxton, and the champion of the late sorts Latest of All.

Photo, Cartwright.

THE ROYAL HORSE SHOW AT RICHMOND: Little Miss Gladys Colman riding astride Mr. J. Colman's "Butterfly."

For Farmers of all Nations.

The International Agricultural Conference at Rome has agreed to the establishment of an international institute of farming. This institute will collect and publish information relative to farming generally, and the marketing of agricultural produce, and will, if necessary, communicate particulars to those interested. Information will be circulated regarding diseases of plants and methods of checking them. Co-operation among farmers will be studied and taught. The institute will submit to the Governments measures for the protection of interests common to agriculturists of all countries.

Subscriptions for the PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER should be sent to the Publisher, 18 Henrietta Street, W.C. The "P.I.P." will be sent post-free to any part of the United Kingdom for thirteen weeks, on receipt of postal order, value 1s. 8d.; six months, 3s. 3d.; one year, 6s. 6d. Single copies post-free 1½d. For Foreign postage the rates are: three months, 2s. 2d.; six months, 4s. 4d.; one year, 8s. 8d. The PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER may be sent by halfpenny post to any place in the United Kingdom. To the Colonies or any foreign place the postage is one penny.

Photo, Cartwright.

Judging foals at the Huntingdon Horse Show.

The New Farmer.

There was an interesting article under this heading in the *Daily Mail* last week. The writer says: "Perhaps no profession opens a wider field for the acquiring of a more varied stock of knowledge than the despised one of farming. It is as absorbing and full of experiment as that which chains the investigator to his laboratory, only its workshop is of the open air, adorned of Nature's hand, and roofed with the blue dome of heaven. The scientific farmer is always experimenting, and this is the difference between the old style of farming and the new. And what the United States Department of Agriculture does for its farmers the English farmer has to do for himself. He has to stand the failure of his experiments, whereas the United States Department of Agriculture has its own experimental stations where the success of an experiment is assured before it is given to the public. The fact is, the Board of Agriculture, as at present constituted, is merely an instrument for stamping out swine fever. Its other efforts—not to include this badly-managed endeavour—are a shameful waste of the public money. I will give an instance: The owner of the smaller of the two farms of which I have spoken a few years ago imported a consignment of ladybirds from California for the purpose of keeping down the plague of aphis in his hopyards. Well satisfied with the result of this experiment, he ordered another consignment, which reached him in the spring of this year. Some time afterwards he received a visit from a servant of the Board of Agriculture, sent over to make a special report. After looking at the ladybirds this wiseacre naively asked: 'And what is the use of the ladybird?' 'To feed on the aphis,' was the astonished reply. Here was a man who had come twenty miles by rail and four by cab to report on a subject of which he confessed complete ignorance. 'I don't know much about insects,' he went on. 'Do you know anything about cattle?' asked the farmer. 'Oh, yes; I know all about cattle.' 'Then, perhaps, you can tell me a cure for blackleg?' 'For blackleg—what is blackleg?' The United States Department of Agriculture is gradually stamping out blackleg by the injection of a certain serum or vaccine, but when the farmer applied to the English Board for this remedy, he was told they knew nothing about it, and was referred to the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons. On application to them they refused to supply it save through a veterinary surgeon. He found it cheaper to get it straight from America. The Board of Agriculture does nothing for the British farmer; but a silent revolution is taking place in agriculture, thanks to the brains and initiative of individuals. Visit one of these farms; see the side rake at work in the hayfield and the self-loader, which have reduced labour to a minimum. Go to the hop kilns and watch the steam-driven fan at work, by which 3ft. of hops are dried in place of one. Spend a day in the fruit plantations and find out how little you know about the secret workings of Nature. Cast an eye over the plans for the erection of the steam plant which is to consign the hop-washer to oblivion, and then compare your knowledge with that of the man who has all these things at his finger ends, though he be only a farmer.

Orchards in Conservatories.

There is no reason why anyone with a glasshouse should not grow fruit in pots as well as flowers. Strange to say, as Mr. Marcus Tindal points out in *Pearson's Magazine*, the idea is still so new that to countless amateurs it has never suggested itself. Such fruits as peaches and nectarines, apples and pears, plums, apricots, cherries, grapes, and figs are all suitable for pot-culture. They are simple to grow, and offer ample reward for the trouble they give by their fruit and by their charming decorative qualities. And peaches, nectarines, and strawberries at least offer the chance of profit if sold in the open market. The little pot-grown trees bear surprisingly large crops, and endure for years. Pot apple and pear trees bear from one to six dozen fruits, according to size and weight, and are good for twenty or twenty-five years' fruiting. Even if the grower has only a small glasshouse at his disposal—one measuring, say, 30ft. by 18ft.—a comfortable income from peaches may be looked for in a few years. Such a house would accommodate comfortably twenty pots on each side, allowing for a 3-ft. wide path down the middle. The trees cost from 5s. to 10s. 6d. each in their third year, and each might be allowed to bear from fifteen to twelve fruits—that the total crop should number about five hundred fruits, worth, with luck, one shilling apiece. If in the first year the actual profit amounted only to a few sovereigns, after allowing for loss, labour, and fuel, in succeeding years the crop would increase, until £20 or £30 profit or more might be looked for.

Photo, Fowler.

THE RICHMOND HORSE SHOW: Mr. J. Drage's "Whisky," winner of two challenge cups for hunters.

Photo, Cartwright.

THE HUNTINGDON AGRICULTURAL SHOW: The Rt. Hon. The Earl of Sandwich's pure-bred St. Kilda ram.

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THE ENEMY IN OUR MIDST.

By WALTER WOOD.

THE FIGHT FOR PARLIAMENT.

The two forces, the invaders and the defenders, came into collision at the northern end of Westminster Bridge, almost at the moment when Lord Harden was introduced to the presence of the Defence Committee, who were meeting at the Foreign Office, by the Secretary for War, and while in a few brief, clear sentences he explained his scheme for a National Guard. It was adopted, in its main principle, as an emergency expediency, as soon as it was proposed, and instant steps were taken to put it into operation. By this time it was possible to communicate with various parts of the country, and urgent orders were given to officers commanding districts to re-enlist old soldiers as a National Guard. No efforts were now too zealous to secure the services of men who had been sent contemptuously and callously adrift from the Army.

Lord Harden had done his duty, and was satisfied. He left a meeting-place in which he recognised that he had no further business, and, almost by the way which Steel had taken, he reached his home, oblivious to the sounds of combat which assailed his ears.

"You can report yourself as soon as you like at St. George's Barracks," he said, addressing Steel. "That is to be the headquarters of the National Guard in London, the place of assembly for all old soldiers like yourself, and the depôt from which drafts will be sent to various parts of the country as they are wanted for the clearance and crushing of the enemy. And I will promise that as soon as this business is through—and please God it will be through some time—you shall have no cause for further complaint as to want of employment."

"Thank you, sir!" said Steel. "But I'd be easier in mind if you would promise to keep an eye on my wife and child. A man wont fight any the worse for knowing that his wife an' family's provided for in case anything happens. It's them I'm worried about—not myself."

"Then don't worry any more," interposed Lieutenant Grenville's wife. "I will make them my own special care. Write their address down, and I will take care that I learn it so well that I shall never forget it. I want to raise a league of English women to look after English women whose husbands and brothers and sons and sweethearts are either soldiers or sailors."

John Steel, in a plain round, steady hand, gave the address, then, with a contented smile, saluted and departed.

"I like the fellow," observed the peer, watching Steel from the window. "And I like him none the less because I see he's broken into a run and is rushing off for the scene of the fight. He'll get to the barracks by-and-by."

Steel did not slacken his speed until he had regained Whitehall. Then he ran his hardest, for by this time a desperate fight had begun at the foot of the broad thoroughfare. The street seemed to be choked with soldiers and civilians, and everything appeared to be in wild and hopeless confusion.

Steel got as far as the edge of the mass of struggling human beings, then he clambered up into a window within a few yards of Trafalgar Square, and, clinging to the empty framework (the glass had been shattered), he got a clear view of what was passing.

The sun shone brilliantly on the appalling spectacle. Near him were wild-eyed, terrified creatures, mostly men, but some few women amongst them, and here and there a gutter-boy. The dense crowd surged and swayed, and paid no heed to the screams and curses which came from those who were nearest to the buildings on each side of the street, and were in some cases being crushed to death. Not a chance was there for anyone who fell. Once down the pressure of the countless feet too swiftly brought the end.

Steel saw that it was hopeless to gain the scene of conflict by forcing a way through the crowd, and he did not make the attempt. He clung to his perch, watching and waiting for he knew not what. His senses seemed to be dulled by what he saw, and for the moment even he was as powerless as if he were in the grip of nightmare. Everything was so unnatural, so unexpected.

Away in the distance, on the left, arose the stately Clock Tower of the Houses of Parliament. The magnificent pile stood solid and apparently immovable, with its head somewhat obscured by heat-mist and the haze which came from the rifles that were now snapping viciously by the river.

Suddenly there was a strange, dull crash, like the burst of a thunderbolt.

"The guns are beginnin'," exclaimed a man near Steel. "They've stolen some of our best. An' they know how to use 'em, too!"

"We've got our own X Battery of the Royal 'Orse down there," declared another man. "I saw 'em drive past 'ere like 'ell a little while ago, an' they killed more people than a motor run amuck."

"My Gawd! Listen to that!" exclaimed the man who had first spoken. "Somebody's 'andin' their cheeks in pretty quick over this business. The guns on both sides are at it. Hello! What's come over the Clock Tower? The thing's drunk an' wobblin' like a toper!"

The crowd, which had been vociferating, became abruptly silent, and all eyes were turned to watch the spectacle which some of them had seen depicted in theatres—the collapse of a building.

The Clock Tower, above the huge faces of Big Ben, reeled and swayed, then appeared to snap off and fall zigzag with a deafening roar to the ground. A shell had struck the top and shattered it, and this was the result of the explosion. And not only that; but at the foot of the tower a hundred men or more were buried in the ruins and a hundred more were dangerously or badly hurt. It was appalling, stupendous—even yet incredible, but the conflicting soldiers scarcely heeded the calamity. Their nervousness had passed away, and they were possessed only with the ferocity of war.

From the Tower Wharf in the distance a persistent and destructive artillery fire was coming, covering the advance of the enemy's troops. The guns had been captured from English barracks, and were now being used for the annihilation of the English people and the destruction of the English capital. The motto of the invader was thoroughness. He designed to strike at the heart of the country, which was London, and at the heart of the capital, which was Parliament. The shot which had wrecked the Clock Tower came from the wharf between the grim old fortress and the Thames, and others which followed wrought further havoc in the huge and stately pile at Westminster. Now and again, too, a shell would burst in the crowded streets with terrible results; but mostly the missiles fell in the river, sending up vicious little waterspouts.

And in the midst of all this uproar, panic, and destruction the infantry on each side fought for mastery and became an almost indistinguishable mass.

It has been explained that the alien army itself was dressed like British infantry. The resemblance was so close that only on a near inspection could the difference be seen, and then it was because of the men, and not the uniform.

It happened that Captain Mahler was in the heart of the attacking troops, having joined up to the rear of the regiments marching from Charing Cross and in front of those which came from Waterloo Bridge. Desperately as he tried he could not force a way along the Embankment towards Westminster, for the broad riverside thoroughfare was glutted with troops. It was only when the head of the column melted away under the bullets and the bayonets of the defenders that he was able to advance a little with his men.

For the present, in the thick of the turmoil, Mahler halted his battalion, at the same time running up the steps of Waterloo Bridge and casting a quick glance towards the station from which the troops had come.

He was filled with amazement and a sudden fear, for away beyond the bridge he saw the head of an advancing column, a column of infantry.

"They have detached some troops and mean to outflank us!" he exclaimed, hurrying back into the road. "They must be destroyed as they march on to the bridge!"

For a few frenzied moments he consulted his brother officers, then men were rushed up to the roadway and on to the bridge, slipping into every nook and shielding themselves as much as possible.

The German and alien troops on the Embankment were faced towards the south of the river, and as soon as the head of the column approaching the bridge came within reach of fire a furious rifle attack met them. Most of the bullets were sent without aim and were wasted; but even the small proportion that were effective checked the advance. The southern entrance to the bridge was blocked with the fallen, and the survivors clambered over them before they could give an answering fire. Then began a furious exchange of musketry and a determined effort of the newcomers to cross the bridge or establish themselves on it.

Mahler himself, from the Embankment, directed the fire, and it was his coolness and steady courage, his perfect handling of the troops under his command, which made the head of the column melt every time it got as far as the head of the bridge from the direction of Waterloo Station.

Desperate measures were needed, and they were taken. The bridge must be cleared of the ridges of bodies which blocked the entrance and made it impassable, and men were forthcoming to throw their comrades into the swiftly running river. The muddy water took a darker and more sinister hue, and the ebb carried past the battery at the Tower a swarm of human forms.

For a few moments the firing of the guns was stopped, and even the German artillery, who had been thrilled by the knowledge that their practice was perfect to extreme destruction, were discouraged by what they saw in the river.

"Our part of the work is well done," said the officer commanding the battery; "but what of our infantry? See our brave fellows going past! The defenders are driving them into the river—for I recognise the men as ours." Almost as he spoke a shell came and exploded at his feet and destroyed him and the gun by which he stood and the gunners who were serving it. For the X Battery of Royal Horse Artillery had now come into action and had got the range. It had been waiting for ammunition.

At the same moment Mahler discovered the fatal error he had made—the taking of troops of his own side for troops of the enemy; but the mischief was done, and was not remedied until many of his own people and those who had advanced towards the bridge from Waterloo had been destroyed. It was, he knew, the fortune of war, the same hideous mistake had been made repeatedly on land and sea throughout the whole of modern warfare. But the knowledge that the very device from which so much had been hoped—the likeness of the invaders to the defenders—had proved so disastrous crushed much of the hope and spirit within him, and depressed him to the degree of hoping that the work of war was ending instead of opening. For the first time he saw the enormous responsibilities which had been undertaken, and recognised the magnitude and valour of the opposing forces. In that moment of stupefaction, sorrow, anger, and regret he would gladly have made terms of honourable surrender or arrangement, if such a thing had been possible; but he knew there was now only one way out of it, and that was to fight until the mastery was gained or——

The mere thought of the alternative gave him new courage, and with furious gestures he rallied his wavering soldiers and urged them slowly on towards Westminster Bridge and Parliament. That was now possible, inasmuch as there was a sudden lull in the fighting there, and, as it seemed, a weakening of the defence.

News was flashed towards him that the defenders were wavering, that they were exhausted by long forced marches, and that, above all, their ammunition was finished. He rallied and inspired his men with new zeal and courage by telling them these things, and with fresh cheers they crowded on towards Westminster Bridge.

By this time the broad Embankment was glutted almost from Westminster to Blackfriars Bridge with German and alien troops—a vast assemblage of soldiers whose purpose was to storm and gain the Houses of Parliament. And it seemed, indeed, as if the monster body, moving like a colossal lizard, would achieve its purpose in defiance of all defence and obstacles.

The invaders' losses were heavy, but they were ignored. No wounded man was tended—he was removed to the Embankment pavement or up one of the steep side streets which run between the river and the Strand and Fleet Street. Some of the men crawled into the Temple Gardens, into the Temple itself, and into the countless doorways and empty buildings.

The dead who littered the Embankment were tumbled into the Thames.

And so the hideous work went on.

"We shall win—we shall force terms and surrender upon them!" declared Mahler passionately. "It is impossible to recover from a raid and a blow like this! They will make terms if only to save their city from destruction and their populace from death!"

Again a khakied regiment appeared on Waterloo Bridge. What were they—friends or foes? "Friends, clearly," said Mahler, "because they hurried northward across the bridge without firing. Friends," he repeated. "Oh!

Photo, Wallace.

A PRETTY STUDY OF FISHER-GIRLS, by a Sidmouth photographer, specially taken for the "P.I.P."

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yes." He recognised the hats, he said, the uniforms—almost, he believed, some of the officers—then the newcomers halted suddenly and lined the bridge, and from the long low parapets of it there blazed a fire which reddened the Embankment.

Mahler himself, shot through the leg, went down in the destructive fusillade, and his regiment was demoralised and broken. Up every side street they broke and fled, only to be cut down by British troops who had been hurried from Westminster along the Strand.

By superhuman efforts Mahler and his brother officers rallied their forces, Mahler shouting as he leaned helpless against the Embankment wall. There were fierce cries of "Advance!" and "Charge!" passionate appeals to remember the Emperor and the Fatherland, furious denunciations and threats, but all in vain.

The spirit of the advance upon Westminster was broken, the guns of the Tower Wharf were silenced, there was a sudden crashing in amongst the hurrying, disordered troops on the Embankment of case shot, canister shot, and grape shot from the guns of the Horse Artillery now posted on Westminster Bridge, and even Mahler knew that the day was going against them—he knew that by some brilliant piece of work on the part of the British general officer commanding the invaders had been outflanked and out-manœuvred at every point, and that their circumvention and annihilation would follow unless they could retreat.

Retreat towards the East, along the Embankment by way of Queen Victoria Street and the City, was still open, and with a heavy heart he agreed that the necessary word of command for withdrawal should be given.

"We are not fighting men, but devils," he said bitterly.

"We are fighting," said an officer near him, "the British Army." The speaker laughed bitterly. "The British Army!" he said, "that we have been taught to revile and despise!"

As he spoke there was a new and strange commotion at Westminster Bridge, the sounds of a fresh and awful storm; then a falling in towards Mahler of his own troops, a resistless mad rush of human beings which overwhelmed him and carried him along Eastward, in spite of his wound, as the river carried its light floating *débris* to the sea.

The crowning touch had been given to the repulse, for a regiment of the Household Cavalry had been hurried in to London from Windsor, and now, without so much as having halted, the 1st Life Guards had been hurled on to the enemy, and, with swinging, slashing blows of sword, were charging into and through the broken ranks of the invaders on the Embankment.

———

THE COMMAND OF THE RIVER.

Demoralised by the mistake into which their deceit had plunged them, broken by the stubborn resistance and unflinching valour of the British infantry—the very troops they had been taught to hold in light esteem if not altogether to despise—and unexpectedly assailed at the crisis of their panic by the flower of the British heavy cavalry, the invading force retired disorganised towards the East. But there, at any rate, they were comparatively safe, for the whole of the City east of Ludgate Circus was in their possession.

The Bank was still held by the drilled aliens who had suddenly and treacherously captured it at the beginning of the outbreak, and so far it had not been possible for the defenders to make any effort to retake the building.

St. Paul's itself had been taken and turned partly into barracks and partly into a hospital, and there was not a public structure or a church of which some military use was not made. Every institution was requisitioned. The sombre halls of the wealthy city companies, the huge warehouses, the markets, the factories, the shops—all were in the hands of the enemy, who also commanded entirely the river from its mouth to London Bridge.

Chatham and Sheerness, which might at other times have been formidable, were harmless, for they were denuded of their fighting ships, and the few vessels which were left in harbour and could have been of service were crippled because they were locked in by mines strewn broadcast by the enemy. They dare not leave for fear of total destruction, and so far all efforts to remove the hidden danger by sweeping and other methods had failed.

From the Nore Lightship to the Tower Bridge the Thames was commanded by and in the hands of the enemy. Every lightship had been seized and their lights altered; every buoy had been tampered with and every mark for day and night navigation altered to fit in with a scheme made in Germany. It was the triumph of patient planning and careful foresight on the part of an enemy. Nothing had been left to chance; every detail had been worked out and carried safely into execution. Even if, at that period, a flotilla of British destroyers had appeared off the mouth of the river, it would have been impossible to get up the stream because of the mines.

It was owing to the feeling of security which this knowledge afforded that the enemy was able to fall back into the East-end and to offer a resolute resistance at Blackfriars Bridge to the onslaught of the Household Cavalry.

The cavalry made the mistake, too common in the history of British battles, of pushing an advantage too far. Their orders had been to charge and drive the enemy from the Embankment, but not to be drawn into any dangerous position. They remembered only the first part of the orders, and with furious hearts and resistless strength charged and re-charged into the breaking ranks. They drove the invaders along the wide roadway and scattered them, then pressed ahead and through the troops until they were cut off and surrounded.

In that mad *mêlée* the invaders, who were still in great numerical force, had time to recover somewhat from their panic and disorder. They had ammunition, too, and, reeking nothing of their companions' lives so long as the horsemen were destroyed, they fired furiously at the towering figures in the saddle. Many a trooper rolled to the ground, and such as still lived when they fell were mercilessly killed. No quarter was given by those avenging cavalry soldiers; none was offered by the invaders.

The struggle hereabouts at Blackfriars was short and fierce. Recognising that his advantage was costing him too dear, the officer commanding the regiment, who was still uninjured, began to draw off his men towards Westminster. He did so only by charging the assailants who had surrounded him and cutting a way through them; but at last he was clear of the weary press. Then he resolutely and unflinchingly hung on to the edge of the retreating mass of men, and did not cease to harass them until they were driven slowly as far as Blackfriars Bridge and the darkness of night was falling.

Then the cavalry withdrew to Westminster, and the long space of tree-lined road between the Houses of Parliament and Queen Victoria Street, the scene of such a long and stubborn fight, was deserted. It remained neutral ground, and at each end of it the opposing forces rested on their arms.

At Westminster guns of the Horse Artillery were drawn across the roadway, making an impassable barrier, and guns were protecting all other entrances to the spot on which the nation's buildings stood.

The contending forces rested, and the wounded, either in the streets or in the crowded hospitals where they had been taken, were dealt with by the army and civil surgeons, the latter of whom had assembled from all parts of London. Now, at any rate, no difference was made between friend or foe. Invader and defender alike were treated in order of arrival from the stretcher-bearers; but the orders were explicit that no man from the enemy's forces was to be allowed to rejoin. For the present he was a prisoner of war.

(*To be continued.*)

Photo, Lallie Charles.

An Artistic Study of Miss Gladys Archibald.

A Ward-Room Steward and

Dr TIBBLES' Vi-Cocoa

"VI-COCOA PREVENTS FATIGUE."

Mr. F. BANGLE, Ward-Room Steward, H.M.S. "Onyx," Sheerness, writes:—

"I am writing these few lines to you to express my feelings towards you for the good Vi-Cocoa has done me. As a steward I have to be constantly running ashore for the officers in all sorts of weather, and I find that Vi-Cocoa keeps the cold out and keeps me from being fatigued. I have given some of my messmates some Vi-Cocoa, and they have been buying it ever since.

"You can use this testimonial as you think fit."

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"In the Front Rank of Really Valuable Foods."—*Lancet.*

Favoured by the Homes & Hospitals of Great Britain. Dr TIBBLES' Vi-Cocoa Dainty Sample Tin FREE to any Address.

Address: Dr. TIBBLES' VI-COCOA, Ltd., 60 Bunhill-row, London, E.C.

DAINTY SAMPLE FREE.

THE EDITOR TO HIS FRIENDS.

You will have noticed that I am now giving you twice as much "Farmer and Gardener" as I had previously done. This is because I have had so many letters from readers who state that the "*P.I.P.* Farmer" is one of the favourite features of the paper, and who have asked me to devote more space to the subject. Will all of you who have not already written to me about it kindly drop me a postcard to say whether this meets with your approval? Will you also at the same time let me know if you like the introduction of these additional notes as a feature of the paper? So many people have written to me asking me to write them that I feel confident that they are to the liking of the majority of my readers; but I should like *every* reader of the *P.I.P.* to drop me a postcard giving me his, or her, opinion. Then I shall know whether my efforts to please you are successful. You won't forget, will you?

It is impossible at present to more than guess at the cost in men and money of the war in the Far East, but "Lance-Corporal," who writes to me for information, is quite right in thinking that it is far greater than that of our own war in South Africa. The total number of deaths in the British forces during the whole of the war was 22,000, while the total number of our casualties from all causes was under 100,000. It must be noted that of the total of 22,000 deaths, 12,000 were caused by disease. It is at present impossible to state the loss from this cause suffered by the Japanese and Russians, so that the enormous figure of 300,000, which represents the casualties up to February last, when the first year of the war concluded, becomes all the more appalling in consequence.

It is obvious that a war conducted on a system of such magnitude as this must be terribly costly. From the official figures given out in Russia it appears that the Tsar's Government has spent, up to the end of 1904, over £60,000,000. This is, of course, exclusive of the loss represented by her fleet at Port Arthur, and by the artillery which has been captured by the Japanese. These two items have been estimated in round figures at £12,000,000, so that the cost of the war to Russia has been practically £1,500,000 per week since the war began. Since these figures were published the loss of the Baltic Fleet has taken place, at a loss to Russia which is estimated at more than £10,000,000. As regards the expenditure of the Japanese, the Mikado's financiers have calculated that to March 31 last of this year the war had cost, including initial outlays, £57,000,000, or £1,000,000 a week. People who are aggrieved because our Ministers do not rush into war at every opportunity that offers will do well to study these figures and consider. Modern warfare is an expensive luxury.

Now that the summer months have come, and most of my readers who are not fortunate enough to live in the country are hurrying out of the towns on every available Sunday and half holiday for a breath of fresh air, a few hints on how to find one's way about in the open country may be both interesting and useful. Whenever you go for a long ramble you should always note the direction in which you start, whether it is north, or south, or east, or west, so that if by chance you wander into an unknown part of the wood or common where you are walking, you can find your way home without assistance.

If you take a good compass with you, so much the better. It will save you trouble—but it is by no means necessary. Read the following hints carefully, and then cut them out for reference, or, better still, learn them off by heart.

All churches are, generally speaking, built east and west; that is to say, that the altar is at the east end, and the steeple at the west end. Many have a weather-cock on the steeple, which, if provided with compass points, will give a fuller indication. Trees, old posts, and crosses on graves, as a rule, have a tendency to bend towards the south-west.

In the daytime, when the sun is out, there ought to be little difficulty in ascertaining the quarters of the heavens without a compass. Remember that at six o'clock in the morning the sun is in the south-east, at twelve o'clock (noon) in the south, in the south-west at three o'clock, and in the west at six p.m.

With the aid of a watch the four points of the compass can be ascertained with more exactness. If it is in the morning, and it is desired to come out of, say, a wood in a southernly direction, the watch should be held open in the palm of the hand, face up. If the small hand points to ten o'clock, set the watch so that the small hand points straight to the sun, so that the shadow will be easily seen under the small hand. Then take the distance from X. to XII., divide it into equal parts, and the result will be XI., which points to the direction you have to take if you desire to go south. Should your destination lie in a northerly direction, follow the direction given by V., the opposite of XI.

If it is towards evening, and you wish to find your way back to your home or your railway station, hold the watch so that you get the shadow under the small hand, the same as in the morning. Should the small hand point to IIII., divide the distance from IIII. to XII. round the nearest way, the result of this being II., which will give the direction you will have to take if your home lies south; the direction north will naturally be shown by the opposite number, which will be VIII.

Here is a table which shows the position of the moon at various times of the evening. It will help you to find your way if you are out after dark:

Full Moon.	First Quarter.	Last Quarter.	Direction.
6 p.m.	—	12 night	East
12 night	8 p.m.	6 a.m.	South
6 a.m.	12 night	—	West

I hope you will find these few hints handy. Put them to the proof next time you go for a long walk or cycle ride, and write and tell me the result.

"Cadet" wishes me to tell him the name of all the regimental airs of the British Army. I am afraid I cannot do this, "Cadet," for there are so many of them, over a hundred, and I cannot spare the space; but I will tell you a few: The march of the North Lancashire Regiment, "My love is like the red, red rose," is peculiarly appropriate, the flower having been associated with the county ever since the Wars of the Roses. The quick-step of the Cheshire Regiment, "Wha wadna fecht (fight) for Charlie," commemorates the part it took in the battle of Miani in 1842, under Sir Charles Napier, when it was the only British corps engaged. Another exceedingly appropriate march is that of the Royal Marine Light Infantry, "A Life on the Ocean Wave." The 10th Lincolnshire march past to the tune of the "Lincolnshire Poacher."

"One and all," the quick-step of the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, is reminiscent of the readiness of the regiment to volunteer for active service in times of national emergency:

Away, brave boys, to war we'll jiz,
The girls we'll kiss, the whisky swig,
And each as merry as a grig,
Sing One and All.

But he that will not with us jog
Shall kiss no girls, and drink no grog,
For he is but a sorry dog,
Sing One and All.

The Norfolk Regiment marches past to the tune of "Rule Britannia," in allusion to the regimental badge, a figure of Britannia, which was bestowed upon it by Queen Anne for its gallant behaviour at the Battle of Almanza.

Not all of our regimental quick-steps are "made in England." The march past of the 14th West Yorkshire Regiment is the famous French revolutionary song, "Ca Ira," whilst the band of the 2nd Queen's (Royal West Surrey Regiment) always plays a Portuguese air on ceremonial occasions.

Among the minor worries of life the servant problem is surely the very worst. "During the last six months," writes Worried Reader, "my wife has had three changes of servant, besides several short intervals when we have been at the mercy of a charwoman, and this is solely because we live in a quiet village sixteen miles away from London and two miles away from a railway station. Consequently, the girl cannot find anything to do on Sundays and when she has a day off." It's love, they say, that makes the world go round, and you cannot keep the servant-girl away from her young man. Could not Worried Reader find a young girl near his own village who would be willing to enter his service? Then, perhaps, she would go home to her own people when she had a holiday.

It will make my correspondent green with envy to learn that in Hungary the servants are so plentiful that the Prefect of Jasberony has dared to issue the following decree:—"In view of the fact that domestic servants are getting more and more in the habit of neglecting their work in order to amuse themselves, I hereby give notice that any female domestic servant who is found out of doors, or even on the doorstep of the house in which she is employed, after 9 p.m., will be summarily arrested and punished by a fine of £1 13s. 4d., or four days' imprisonment."

Great Finger-Print Competition.

BEGINS TO-DAY.

First Prize, £5; Six Gramophones.

The value and uses of finger-prints having come into such prominence during the past few months, we have decided to give readers an opportunity for testing their skill in recognising and detecting the similarity between the lines in a number of finger-prints when many of these finger-prints are placed before them.

Below, therefore, you will find the first set of finger-prints. What you have to do is to study carefully the minute lines in the impressions, and see if you can discover that the same finger imprint is used twice or more times during the course of the competition.

As you will see, each of the impressions is numbered. When you think you can couple up two or more of them, cut them out and pin them together, and keep them safely till we tell you what to do with them.

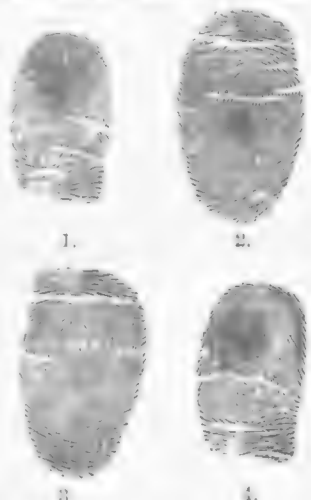
In all some 72 impressions will appear; your task is to couple up as many of these impressions as possible, the winner of the first prize being the reader who succeeds in coupling up correctly the largest number of impressions. The remaining prizes will be awarded in order of merit.

In the event of a tie the prizes will be awarded at the Editor's discretion.

It must be distinctly understood that the couples will not always appear together in the same week's set of impressions; that is to say, that finger-print No. 1 may possibly be the exact counterpart of finger-print No. 72. Or there may be even three impressions reproduced of the same finger or thumb.

A further set of finger-prints will appear in next week's issue.

The published decision is final and conclusive. Competitors must enter only on that understanding.



1. 2. 3. 4.

5. 6.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

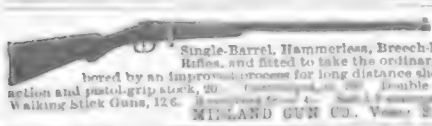
"P.I.P." June 24, 1905.

A Manchester correspondent wants to know what is considered the prime of life, and if thirty isn't rather late for a man to marry. The expression "prime of life" is a very elastic one. A man with a good constitution who has lived through a healthy boyhood and youth goes on having his prime almost indefinitely up to, say, sixty or sixty-five, but one who has foolishly wasted his early years doesn't get any prime at all to speak of. He begins to get old about thirty, and it is then perhaps too late for him to marry. For the other fellow thirty is by no means too late. In some cases earlier marriages are advisable, but for the average man who makes average progress in life, thirty is a very good age, especially when the girl is twenty-two or twenty-three.

In these days of strenuous living in crowded cities few of us come anywhere near the standard in height or weight or general symmetry of what a man should really be. It is perhaps not generally known that the circumference of the closed hand should equal the length of the foot, that eight heads should equal height, that the measure of the extended arms should also equal height, that a man's hand should be precisely equal to the length of his face from the top of the forehead to the chin, that the arm and shoulder, divided at the elbow, give two equal lengths, that the index finger should be the length of the hand and wrist combined, while the two small joints of that finger should be equal to the length of the nose, and that the head in profile should fall into a square. A well-built man should have a chest girth of 36½in., be 5ft. 7½in. in height, weigh 11st. 10lb., and be able to draw (as in drawing a bow) 77½lb.

T. C. P., who writes me "frae Glesca," tells me that for many years he has been a subscriber to the *P.I.P.*, and that each copy, when finished with, is posted to friends in Chili, where it is perused by many admirers. The ultimate end of T. C. P.'s copies is in various scrap-books out there, each reader selecting those pictures which take his fancy, and pasting them up. I can recommend this plan to my friends here at home (who do not keep the *P.I.P.* for binding) as being an inexpensive way of making a thoroughly interesting and novel picture-book.

I hope to be able to announce the result of the Silhouette Competition next week. The prize of ten shillings to the reader who distributes specimen copies in the manner which the editor considers to be the most advantageous goes this week to Mr. F. Beels, 167, Freeman Street, Grimsby, Lincolnshire. THE EDITOR.



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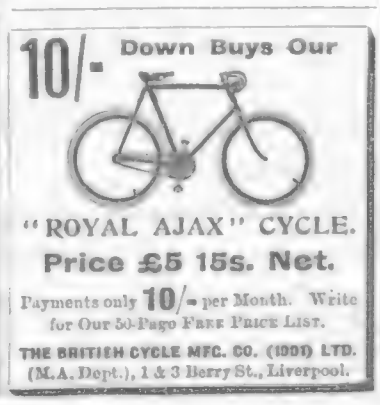

MISCELLANEOUS ADVERTISEMENTS

are inserted under this heading at the following rates:—

SITUATIONS VACANT	1d. per word.
SITUATIONS WANTED	1d. per word.
PRIVATE WANTS, SALE, or EXCHANGE	1d. per word.
TRADE	1/- per line of 8 words.

Every Advertisement must be prepaid. All communications should be addressed to the Advertisement Manager, "P.I.P.," 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C. Advertisements must be received by Monday morning for the following Friday's issue.

9 GUINEAS.—American Organ, "Santley" model, 11 stops, including 2 knee stops and the beautiful solo stops vox celeste and vox humana, octave couplers, handsome high case, in use about four months; 10 years' warranty; easy terms or on approval; packing and carriage free both ways; full price paid will be allowed within three years if exchanged for higher class instrument.—D'Almaine and Co. (established 120 years), 91 Finsbury Pavement, City. Open till 7; Saturdays, 3.

15 GUINEAS.—Piano, "Duchesse" Model, by D'Almaine (established 120 years); solid iron frame upright grand, full compass, full trichord, celeste action, etc.; in handsome carved case, 50 inches in height; in use only six months; sent on approval; carriage free both ways; 20 years' warranty; easy terms arranged; full price paid will be allowed if exchanged for a higher class instrument within three years.—D'Almaine and Co. (established 120 years), 91 Finsbury Pavement, City. Open till 7; Saturdays, 3.

Bailey's Tasteless Ironised Phosphorus Pills, a great remedy for depression, want of energy, brain fag, general debility, or anæmia. Sold in boxes, price 2/9, or 3 boxes for 6/9, post paid, from Charles Bailey & Co., 25 Grove Road, Eastbourne, Sussex.

Replate your Bicycle.—Reliable silver-Plating [illegible], 1/- bottle; three, 2/6.—Samuel Ridge, [illegible], Truro, Cornwall.

120 Bedding Plants for 2/9; 252, 5/-; carriage paid, including carnations, petunias, calceolarias, antirrhinums, asters, and other choice varieties. Make a gorgeous display. Satisfaction guaranteed or money returned.—Ray & Co., Teynham, Kent.

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"Cricket," Edited by C. L. Jessop, [illegible] practical instructions as to how to play the game by K. S. Ranjitsinhji, C. B. Fry, C. L. Jessop, and others; price 1s. 2d., post free, from the Publisher (C. Dept.), 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

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Furniture. [illegible] Chesterfield [illegible] Agents wanted.

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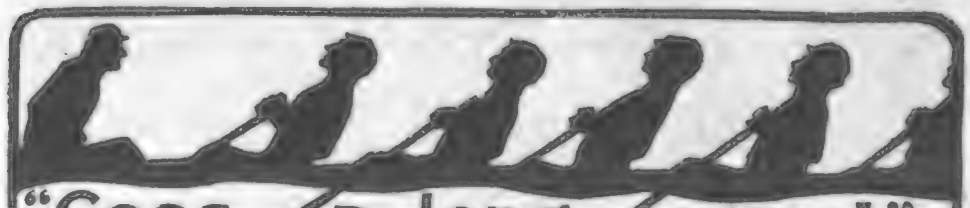

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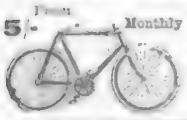

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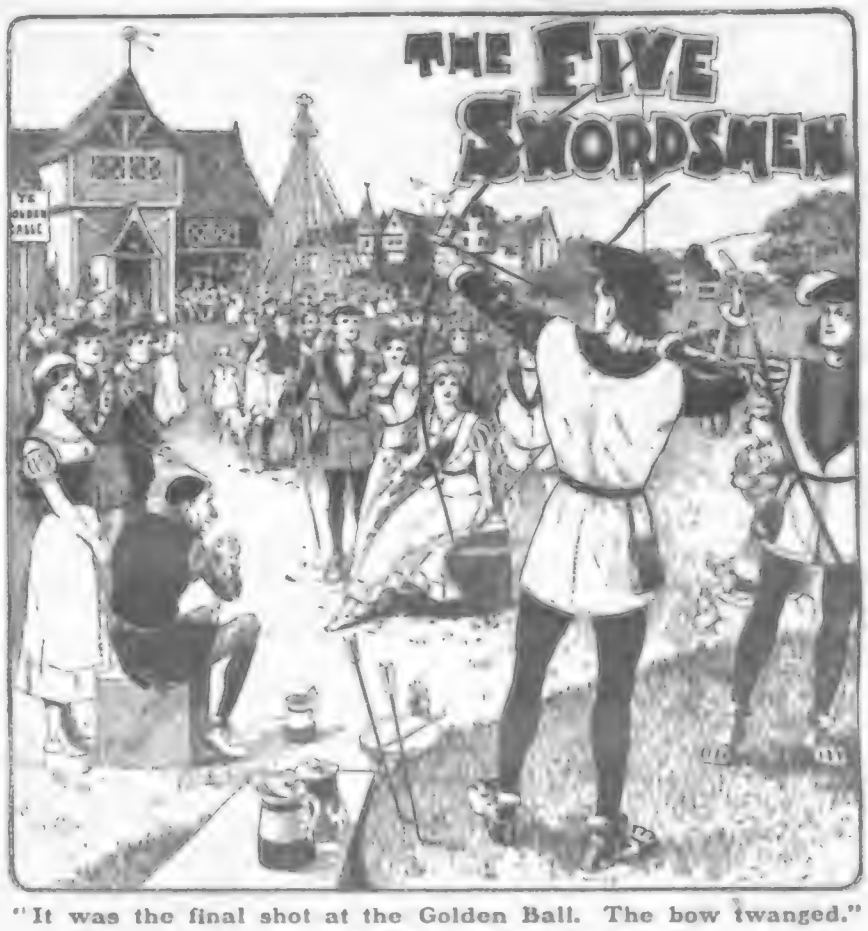

"It was the final shot at the Golden Ball. The bow twanged."

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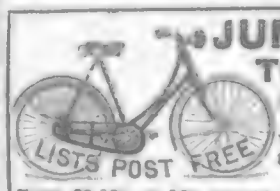

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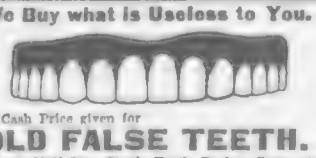

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THE ENEMY IN OUR MIDST.

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THE FIGHT FOR PARLIAMENT.

The two forces, the invaders and the defenders, came into collision at the northern end of Westminster Bridge, almost at the moment when Lord Harden was introduced to the presence of the Defence Committee, who were meeting at the Foreign Office, by the Secretary for War, and while in a few brief, clear sentences he explained his scheme for a National Guard. It was adopted, in its main principle, as an emergency expediency, as soon as it was proposed, and instant steps were taken to put it into operation. By this time it was possible to communicate with various parts of the country, and urgent orders were given to officers commanding districts to re-enlist old soldiers as a National Guard. No efforts were now too zealous to secure the services of men who had been sent contemptuously and callously adrift from the Army.

Lord Harden had done his duty, and was satisfied. He left a meeting-place in which he recognised that he had no further business, and, almost by the way which Steel had taken, he reached his home, oblivious to the sounds of combat which assailed his ears.

"You can report yourself as soon as you like at St. George's Barracks," he said, addressing Steel. "That is to be the headquarters of the National Guard in London, the place of assembly for all old soldiers like yourself, and the depôt from which drafts will be sent to various parts of the country as they are wanted for the clearance and crushing of the enemy. And I will promise that as soon as this business is through—and please God it will be through some time—you shall have no cause for further complaint as to want of employment."

"Thank you, sir!" said Steel. "But I'd be easier in mind if you would promise to keep an eye on my wife and child. A man wont fight any the worse for knowing that his wife an' family's provided for in case anything happens. It's them I'm worried about—not myself."

"Then don't worry any more," interposed Lieutenant Grenville's wife. "I will make them my own special care. Write their address down, and I will take care that I learn it so well that I shall never forget it. I want to raise a league of English women to look after English women whose husbands and brothers and sons and sweethearts are either soldiers or sailors."

John Steel, in a plain round, steady hand, gave the address, then, with a contented smile, saluted and departed.

"I like the fellow," observed the peer, watching Steel from the window. "And I like him none the less because I see he's broken into a run and is rushing off for the scene of the fight. He'll get to the barracks by-and-by."

Steel did not slacken his speed until he had regained Whitehall. Then he ran his hardest, for by this time a desperate fight had begun at the foot of the broad thoroughfare. The street seemed to be choked with soldiers and civilians, and everything appeared to be in wild and hopeless confusion.

Steel got as far as the edge of the mass of struggling human beings, then he clambered up into a window within a few yards of Trafalgar Square, and, clinging to the empty framework (the glass had been shattered), he got a clear view of what was passing.

The sun shone brilliantly on the appalling spectacle. Near him were wild-eyed, terrified creatures, mostly men, but some few women amongst them, and here and there a gutter-boy. The dense crowd surged and swayed, and paid no heed to the screams and curses which came from those who were nearest to the buildings on each side of the street, and were in some cases being crushed to death. Not a chance was there for anyone who fell. Once down the pressure of the countless feet too swiftly brought the end.

Steel saw that it was hopeless to gain the scene of conflict by forcing a way through the crowd, and he did not make the attempt. He clung to his perch, watching and waiting for he knew not what. His senses seemed to be dulled by what he saw, and for the moment even he was as powerless as if he were in the grip of nightmare. Everything was so unnatural, so unexpected.

Away in the distance, on the left, arose the stately Clock Tower of the Houses of Parliament. The magnificent pile stood solid and apparently immovable, with its head somewhat obscured by heat-mist and the haze which came from the rifles that were now snapping viciously by the river.

Suddenly there was a strange, dull crash, like the burst of a thunderbolt.

"The guns are beginnin'," exclaimed a man near Steel. "They've stolen some of our best. An' they know how to use 'em, too!"

"We've got our own X Battery of the Royal 'Orse down there," declared another man. "I saw 'em drive past 'ere like 'ell a little while ago, an' they killed more people than a motor run amuck."

"My Gawd! Listen to that!" exclaimed the man who had first spoken. "Somebody's 'andin' their cheeks in pretty quick over this business. The guns on both sides are at it. Hello! What's come over the Clock Tower? The thing's drunk an' wobblin' like a toper!"

The crowd, which had been vociferating, became abruptly silent, and all eyes were turned to watch the spectacle which some of them had seen depicted in theatres—the collapse of a building.

The Clock Tower, above the huge faces of Big Ben, reeled and swayed, then appeared to snap off and fall zig-zag with a deafening roar to the ground. A shell had struck the top and shattered it, and this was the result of the explosion. And not only that: but at the foot of the tower a hundred men or more were buried in the ruins and a hundred more were dangerously or badly hurt. It was appalling, stupendous—even yet incredible, but the conflicting soldiers scarcely heeded the calamity. Their nervousness had passed away, and they were possessed only with the ferocity of war.

From the Tower Wharf in the distance a persistent and destructive artillery fire was coming, covering the advance of the enemy's troops. The guns had been captured from English barracks, and were now being used for the annihilation of the English people and the destruction of the English capital. The motto of the invader was thoroughness. He designed to strike at the heart of the country, which was London, and at the heart of the capital, which was Parliament. The shot which had wrecked the Clock Tower came from the wharf between the grim old fortress and the Thames, and others which followed wrought further havoc in the huge and stately pile at Westminster. Now and again, too, a shell would burst in the crowded streets with terrible results; but mostly the missiles fell in the river, sending up vicious little waterspouts.

And in the midst of all this uproar, panic, and destruction the infantry on each side fought for mastery and became an almost indistinguishable mass.

It has been explained that the alien army itself was dressed like British infantry. The resemblance was so close that only on a near inspection could the difference be seen, and then it was because of the men, and not the uniform.

It happened that Captain Mahler was in the heart of the attacking troops, having joined up to the rear of the regiments marching from Charing Cross and in front of those which came from Waterloo Bridge. Desperately as he tried he could not force a way along the Embankment towards Westminster, for the broad riverside thoroughfare was glutted with troops. It was only when the head of the column melted away under the bullets and the bayonets of the defenders that he was able to advance a little with his men.

For the present, in the thick of the turmoil, Mahler halted his battalion, at the same time running up the steps of Waterloo Bridge and casting a quick glance towards the station from which the troops had come.

He was filled with amazement and a sudden fear, for away beyond the bridge he saw the head of an advancing column, a column of infantry.

"They have detached some troops and mean to outflank us!" he exclaimed, hurrying back into the road. "They must be destroyed as they march on to the bridge!"

For a few frenzied moments he consulted his brother officers, then men were rushed up to the roadway and on to the bridge, slipping into every nook and shielding themselves as much as possible.

The German and alien troops on the Embankment were faced towards the south of the river, and as soon as the head of the column approaching the bridge came within reach of fire a furious rifle attack met them. Most of the bullets were sent without aim and were wasted; but even the small proportion that were effective checked the advance. The southern entrance to the bridge was blocked with the fallen, and the survivors clambered over them before they could give an answering fire. Then began a furious exchange of musketry and a determined effort of the newcomers to cross the bridge or establish themselves on it.

Mahler himself, from the Embankment, directed the fire, and it was his coolness and steady courage, his perfect handling of the troops under his command, which made the head of the column melt every time it got as far as the head of the bridge from the direction of Waterloo Station.

Desperate measures were needed, and they were taken. The bridge must be cleared of the ridges of bodies which blocked the entrance and made it impassable, and men were forthcoming to throw their comrades into the swiftly running river. The muddy water took a darker and more sinister hue, and the ebb carried past the battery at the Tower a swarm of human forms.

For a few moments the firing of the guns was stopped, and even the German artillery, who had been thrilled by the knowledge that their practice was perfect to extreme destruction, were discouraged by what they saw in the river.

"Our part of the work is well done," said the officer commanding the battery; "but what of our infantry? See our brave fellows going past! The defenders are driving them into the river—for I recognise the men as ours." Almost as he spoke a shell came and exploded at his feet and destroyed him and the gun by which he stood and the gunners who were serving it. For the X Battery of Royal Horse Artillery had now come into action and had got the range. It had been waiting for ammunition.

At the same moment Mahler discovered the fatal error he had made—the taking of troops of his own side for troops of the enemy; but the mischief was done, and was not remedied until many of his own people and those who had advanced towards the bridge from Waterloo had been destroyed. It was, he knew, the fortune of war, the same hideous mistake had been made repeatedly on land and sea throughout the whole of modern warfare. But the knowledge that the very device from which so much had been hoped—the likeness of the invaders to the defenders—had proved so disastrous crushed much of the hope and spirit within him, and depressed him to the degree of hoping that the work of war was ending instead of opening. For the first time he saw the enormous responsibilities which had been undertaken, and recognised the magnitude and valour of the opposing forces. In that moment of stupefaction, sorrow, anger, and regret he would gladly have made terms of honourable surrender or arrangement, if such a thing had been possible; but he knew there was now only one way out of it, and that was to fight until the mastery was gained or——

The mere thought of the alternative gave him new courage, and with furious gestures he rallied his wavering soldiers and urged them slowly on towards Westminster Bridge and Parliament. That was now possible, inasmuch as there was a sudden lull in the fighting there, and, as it seemed, a weakening of the defence.

News was flashed towards him that the defenders were wavering, that they were exhausted by long forced marches, and that, above all, their ammunition was finished. He rallied and inspired his men with new zeal and courage by telling them these things, and with fresh cheers they crowded on towards Westminster Bridge.

By this time the broad Embankment was glutted almost from Westminster to Blackfriars Bridge with German and alien troops—a vast assemblage of soldiers whose purpose was to storm and gain the Houses of Parliament. And it seemed, indeed, as if the monster body, moving like a colossal lizard, would achieve its purpose in defiance of all defence and obstacles.

The invaders' losses were heavy, but they were ignored. No wounded man was tended—he was removed to the Embankment pavement or up one of the steep side streets which run between the river and the Strand and Fleet Street. Some of the men crawled into the Temple Gardens, into the Temple itself, and into the countless doorways and empty buildings.

The dead who littered the Embankment were tumbled into the Thames.

And so the hideous work went on.

"We shall win—we shall force terms and surrender upon them!" declared Mahler passionately. "It is impossible to recover from a raid and a blow like this! They will make terms if only to save their city from destruction and their populace from death!"

Again a khakied regiment appeared on Waterloo Bridge. What were they—friends or foes? "Friends, clearly," said Mahler, "because they hurried northward across the bridge without firing. Friends," he repeated. "Oh!

Photo, Wallace.

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yes." He recognised the hats, he said, the uniforms—almost, he believed, some of the officers—then the newcomers halted suddenly and lined the bridge, and from the long low parapets of it there blazed a fire which reddened the Embankment.

Mahler himself, shot through the leg, went down in the destructive fusillade, and his regiment was demoralised and broken. Up every side street they broke and fled, only to be cut down by British troops who had been hurried from Westminster along the Strand.

By superhuman efforts Mahler and his brother officers rallied their forces, Mahler shouting as he leaned helpless against the Embankment wall. There were fierce cries of "Advance!" and "Charge!" passionate appeals to remember the Emperor and the Fatherland, furious denunciations and threats, but all in vain.

The spirit of the advance upon Westminster was broken, the guns of the Tower Wharf were silenced, there was a sudden crashing in amongst the hurrying, disordered troops on the Embankment of case shot, canister shot, and grape shot from the guns of the Horse Artillery now posted on Westminster Bridge, and even Mahler knew that the day was going against them—he knew that by some brilliant piece of work on the part of the British general officer commanding the invaders had been outflanked and out-manœuvred at every point, and that their circumvention and annihilation would follow unless they could retreat.

Retreat towards the East, along the Embankment by way of Queen Victoria Street and the City, was still open, and with a heavy heart he agreed that the necessary word of command for withdrawal should be given.

"We are not fighting men, but devils," he said bitterly.

"We are fighting," said an officer near him, "the British Army." The speaker laughed bitterly. "The British Army!" he said, "that we have been taught to revile and despise!"

As he spoke there was a new and strange commotion at Westminster Bridge, the sounds of a fresh and awful storm; then a falling in towards Mahler of his own troops, a resistless mad rush of human beings which overwhelmed him and carried him along Eastward, in spite of his wound, as the river carried its light floating *débris* to the sea.

The crowning touch had been given to the repulse, for a regiment of the Household Cavalry had been hurried in to London from Windsor, and now, without so much as having halted, the 1st Life Guards had been hurled on to the enemy, and, with swinging, slashing blows of sword, were charging into and through the broken ranks of the invaders on the Embankment.

THE COMMAND OF THE RIVER.

Demoralised by the mistake into which their deceit had plunged them, broken by the stubborn resistance and unflinching valour of the British infantry—the very troops they had been taught to hold in light esteem if not altogether to despise—and unexpectedly assailed at the crisis of their panic by the flower of the British heavy cavalry, the invading force retired disorganised towards the East. But there, at any rate, they were comparatively safe, for the whole of the City east of Ludgate Circus was in their possession.

The Bank was still held by the drilled aliens who had suddenly and treacherously captured it at the beginning of the outbreak, and so far it had not been possible for the defenders to make any effort to retake the building.

St. Paul's itself had been taken and turned partly into barracks and partly into a hospital, and there was not a public structure or a church of which some military use was not made. Every institution was requisitioned. The sombre halls of the wealthy city companies, the huge warehouses, the markets, the factories, the shops—all were in the hands of the enemy, who also commanded entirely the river from its mouth to London Bridge.

Chatham and Sheerness, which might at other times have been formidable, were harmless, for they were denuded of their fighting ships, and the few vessels which were left in harbour and could have been of service were crippled because they were locked in by mines strewn broadcast by the enemy. They dare not leave for fear of total destruction, and so far all efforts to remove the hidden danger by sweeping and other methods had failed.

From the Nore Lightship to the Tower Bridge the Thames was commanded by and in the hands of the enemy. Every lightship had been seized and their lights altered; every buoy had been tampered with and every mark for day and night navigation altered to fit in with a scheme made in Germany. It was the triumph of patient planning and careful foresight on the part of an enemy. Nothing had been left to chance; every detail had been worked out and carried safely into execution. Even if, at that period, a flotilla of British destroyers had appeared off the mouth of the river, it would have been impossible to get up the stream because of the mines.

It was owing to the feeling of security which this knowledge afforded that the enemy was able to fall back into the East-end and to offer a resolute resistance at Blackfriars Bridge to the onslaught of the Household Cavalry.

The cavalry made the mistake, too common in the history of British battles, of pushing an advantage too far. Their orders had been to charge and drive the enemy from the Embankment, but not to be drawn into any dangerous position. They remembered only the first part of the orders, and with furious hearts and resistless strength charged and re-charged into the breaking ranks. They drove the invaders along the wide roadway and scattered them, then pressed ahead and through the troops until they were cut off and surrounded.

In that mad *mêlée* the invaders, who were still in great numerical force, had time to recover somewhat from their panic and disorder. They had ammunition, too, and, recking nothing of their companions' lives so long as the horsemen were destroyed, they fired furiously at the towering figures in the saddle. Many a trooper rolled to the ground, and such as still lived when they fell were mercilessly killed. No quarter was given by those avenging cavalry soldiers; none was offered by the invaders.

The struggle hereabouts at Blackfriars was short and fierce. Recognising that his advantage was costing him too dear, the officer commanding the regiment, who was still uninjured, began to draw off his men towards Westminster. He did so only by charging the assailants who had surrounded him and cutting a way through them; but at last he was clear of the weary press. Then he resolutely and unflinchingly hung on to the edge of the retreating mass of men, and did not cease to harass them until they were driven slowly as far as Blackfriars Bridge and the darkness of night was falling.

Then the cavalry withdrew to Westminster, and the long space of tree-lined road between the Houses of Parliament and Queen Victoria Street, the scene of such a long and stubborn fight, was deserted. It remained neutral ground, and at each end of it the opposing forces rested on their arms.

At Westminster guns of the Horse Artillery were drawn across the roadway, making an impassable barrier, and guns were protecting all other entrances to the spot on which the nation's buildings stood.

The contending forces rested, and the wounded, either in the streets or in the crowded hospitals where they had been taken, were dealt with by the army and civil surgeons, the latter of whom had assembled from all parts of London. Now, at any rate, no difference was made between friend or foe. Invader and defender alike were treated in order of arrival from the stretcher-bearers; but the orders were explicit that no man from the enemy's forces was to be allowed to rejoin. For the present he was a prisoner of war.

(To be continued.)

Photo, Lallie Charles.

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THE EDITOR TO HIS FRIENDS.

You will have noticed that I am now giving you twice as much "Farmer and Gardener" as I had previously done. This is because I have had so many letters from readers who state that the "*P.I.P.* Farmer" is one of the favourite features of the paper, and who have asked me to devote more space to the subject. Will all of you who have not already written to me about it kindly drop me a postcard to say whether this meets with your approval? Will you also at the same time let me know if you like the introduction of these additional notes as a feature of the paper? So many people have written to me asking me to write them that I feel confident that they are to the liking of the majority of my readers; but I should like *every* reader of the *P.I.P.* to drop me a postcard giving me his, or her, opinion. Then I shall know whether my efforts to please you are successful. You won't forget, will you?

It is impossible at present to more than guess at the cost in men and money of the war in the Far East, but "Lance-Corporal," who writes to me for information, is quite right in thinking that it is far greater than that of our own war in South Africa. The total number of deaths in the British forces during the whole of the war was 22,000, while the total number of our casualties from all causes was under 100,000. It must be noted that of the total of 22,000 deaths, 12,000 were caused by disease. It is at present impossible to state the loss from this cause suffered by the Japanese and Russians, so that the enormous figure of 300,000, which represents the casualties up to February last, when the first year of the war concluded, becomes all the more appalling in consequence.

It is obvious that a war conducted on a system of such magnitude as this must be terribly costly. From the official figures given out in Russia it appears that the Tsar's Government has spent, up to the end of 1904, over £60,000,000. This is, of course, exclusive of the loss represented by her fleet at Port Arthur, and by the artillery which has been captured by the Japanese. These two items have been estimated in round figures at £12,000,000, so that the cost of the war to Russia has been practically £1,500,000 per week since the war began. Since these figures were published the loss of the Baltic Fleet has taken place, at a loss to Russia which is estimated at more than £10,000,000. As regards the expenditure of the Japanese, the Mikado's financiers have calculated that to March 31 last of this year the war had cost, including initial outlays, £57,600,000, or £1,000,000 a week. People who are aggrieved because our Ministers do not rush into war at every opportunity that offers will do well to study these figures and consider. Modern warfare is an expensive luxury.

Now that the summer months have come, and most of my readers who are not fortunate enough to live in the country are hurrying out of the towns on every available Sunday and half holiday for a breath of fresh air, a few hints on how to find one's way about in the open country may be both interesting and useful. Whenever you go for a long ramble you should always note the direction in which you start, whether it is north, or south, or east, or west, so that if by chance you wander into an unknown part of the wood or common where you are walking, you can find your way home without assistance.

If you take a good compass with you, so much the better. It will save you trouble—but it is by no means necessary. Read the following hints carefully, and then cut them out for reference, or, better still, learn them off by heart.

All churches are, generally speaking, built east and west; that is to say, that the altar is at the east end, and the steeple at the west end. Many have a weather-cock on the steeple, which, if provided with compass points, will give a fuller indication. Trees, old posts, and crosses on graves, as a rule, have a tendency to bend towards the south-west.

In the daytime, when the sun is out, there ought to be little difficulty in ascertaining the quarters of the heavens without a compass. Remember that at six o'clock in the morning the sun is in the south-east, at twelve o'clock (noon) in the south, in the south-west at three o'clock, and in the west at six p.m.

With the aid of a watch the four points of the compass can be ascertained with more exactness. If it is in the morning, and it is desired to come out of, say, a wood in a southernly direction, the watch should be held open in the palm of the hand, face up. If the small hand points to ten o'clock, set the watch so that the small hand points straight to the sun, so that the shadow will be easily seen under the small hand. Then take the distance from X. to XII., divide it into equal parts, and the result will be XI., which points to the direction you have to take if you desire to go south. Should your destination lie in a northerly direction, follow the direction given by V., the opposite of XI.

If it is towards evening, and you wish to find your way back to your home or your railway station, hold the watch so that you get the shadow under the small hand, the same as in the morning. Should the small hand point to IIII., divide the distance from IIII. to XII. round the nearest way, the result of this being II., which will give the direction you will have to take if your home lies south; the direction north will naturally be shown by the opposite number, which will be VIII.

Here is a table which shows the position of the moon at various times of the evening. It will help you to find your way if you are out after dark:

Full Moon.	First Quarter.	Last Quarter.	Direction.
6 p.m.	—	12 night	East
12 night	8 p.m.	6 a.m.	South
6 a.m.	12 night	—	West

I hope you will find these few hints handy. Put them to the proof next time you go for a long walk or cycle ride, and write and tell me the result.

"Cadet" wishes me to tell him the name of all the regimental airs of the British Army. I am afraid I cannot do this, "Cadet," for there are so many of them, over a hundred, and I cannot spare the space; but I will tell you a few: The march of the North Lancashire Regiment, "My love is like the red, red rose," is peculiarly appropriate, the flower having been associated with the county ever since the Wars of the Roses. The quick-step of the Cheshire Regiment, "Wha wadna fecht (fight) for Charlie," commemorates the part it took in the battle of Miani in 1842, under Sir Charles Napier, when it was the only British corps engaged. Another exceedingly appropriate march is that of the Royal Marine Light Infantry, "A Life on the Ocean Wave." The 10th Lincolnshire march past to the tune of the "Lincolnshire Poacher."

"One and all," the quick-step of the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, is reminiscent of the readiness of the regiment to volunteer for active service in times of national emergency:

Away, brave boys, to war we'll jig,
The girls we'll kiss, the whisky swig,
And each as merry as a grig,
Sing One and All.

But he that will not with us jog
Shall kiss no girls, and drink no grog,
For he is but a sorry dog,
Sing One and All.

The Norfolk Regiment marches past to the tune of "Rule Britannia," in allusion to the regimental badge, a figure of Britannia, which was bestowed upon it by Queen Anne for its gallant behaviour at the Battle of Almanza.

Not all of our regimental quick-steps are "made in England." The march past of the 14th West Yorkshire Regiment is the famous French revolutionary song, "Ca Gra," whilst the band of the 2nd Queen's (Royal West Surrey Regiment) always plays a Portuguese air on ceremonial occasions.

Among the minor worries of life the servant problem is surely the very worst. "During the last six months," writes Worried Reader, "my wife has had three changes of servant, besides several short intervals when we have been at the mercy of a charwoman, and this is solely because we live in a quiet village sixteen miles away from London and two miles away from a railway station. Consequently, the girl cannot find anything to do on Sundays and when she has a day off." It's love, they say, that makes the world go round, and you cannot keep the servant-girl away from her young man. Could not Worried Reader find a young girl near his own village who would be willing to enter his service? Then, perhaps, she would go home to her own people when she had a holiday.

It will make my correspondent green with envy to learn that in Hungary the servants are so plentiful that the Prefect of Jasbereny has dared to issue the following decree:—"In view of the fact that domestic servants are getting more and more in the habit of neglecting their work in order to amuse themselves, I hereby give notice that any female domestic servant who is found out of doors, or even on the doorstep of the house in which she is employed, after 9 p.m., will be summarily arrested and punished by a fine of £1 13s. 4d., or four days' imprisonment."

Great Finger-Print Competition.

BEGINS TO-DAY.

First Prize, £5; Six Gramophones.

The value and uses of finger-prints having come into such prominence during the past few months, we have decided to give readers an opportunity for testing their skill in recognising and detecting the similarity between the lines in a number of finger-prints when many of these finger-prints are placed before them.

Below, therefore, you will find the first set of finger-prints. What you have to do is to study carefully the minute lines in the impressions, and see if you can discover that the same finger imprint is used twice or more times during the course of the competition.

As you will see, each of the impressions is numbered. When you think you can couple up two or more of them, cut them out and pin them together, and keep them safely till we tell you what to do with them.

In all some 72 impressions will appear; your task is to couple up as many of these impressions as possible, the winner of the first prize being the reader who succeeds in coupling up correctly the largest number of impressions. The remaining prizes will be awarded in order of merit.

In the event of a tie the prizes will be awarded at the Editor's discretion.

It must be distinctly understood that the couples will not always appear together in the same week's set of impressions; that is to say, that finger-print No. 1 may possibly be the exact counterpart of finger-print No. 72. Or there may be even three impressions reproduced of the same finger or thumb.

A further set of finger-prints will appear in next week's issue.

The published decision is final and conclusive. Competitors must enter only on that understanding.

1. 2. 3. 4.

5. 6.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

"P.I.P." June 24, 1905.

A Manchester correspondent wants to know what is considered the prime of life, and if thirty isn't rather late for a man to marry. The expression "prime of life" is a very elastic one. A man with a good constitution who has lived through a healthy boyhood and youth goes on having his prime almost indefinitely up to, say, sixty or sixty-five, but one who has foolishly wasted his early years doesn't get any prime at all to speak of. He begins to get old about thirty, and it is then perhaps too late for him to marry. For the other fellow thirty is by no means too late. In some cases earlier marriages are advisable, but for the average man who makes average progress in life, thirty is a very good age, especially when the girl is twenty-two or twenty-three.

In these days of strenuous living in crowded cities few of us come anywhere near the standard in height or weight or general symmetry of what a man should really be. It is perhaps not generally known that the circumference of the closed hand should equal the length of the foot, that eight heads should equal height, that the measure of the extended arms should also equal height, that a man's hand should be precisely equal to the length of his face from the top of the forehead to the chin, that the arm and shoulder, divided at the elbow, give two equal lengths, that the index finger should be the length of the hand and wrist combined, while the two small joints of that finger should be equal to the length of the nose, and that the head in profile should fall into a square. A well-built man should have a chest girth of 36½in., be 5ft. 7½in. in height, weigh 11st. 10lb., and be able to draw (as in drawing a bow) 77½lb.

T. C. P., who writes me "from Glesca," tells me that for many years he has been a subscriber to the *P.I.P.*, and that each copy, when finished with, is posted to friends in Chili, where it is perused by many admirers. The ultimate end of T. C. P.'s copies is in various scrap-books out there, each reader selecting those pictures which take his fancy, and pasting them up. I can recommend this plan to my friends here at home (who do not keep the *P.I.P.* for binding) as being an inexpensive way of making a thoroughly interesting and novel picture-book.

I hope to be able to announce the result of the Silhouette Competition next week. The prize of ten shillings to the reader who distributes specimen copies in the manner which the editor considers to be the most advantageous goes this week to Mr. F. Beols, 167, Freeman Street, Grimsby, Lincolnshire. THE EDITOR.

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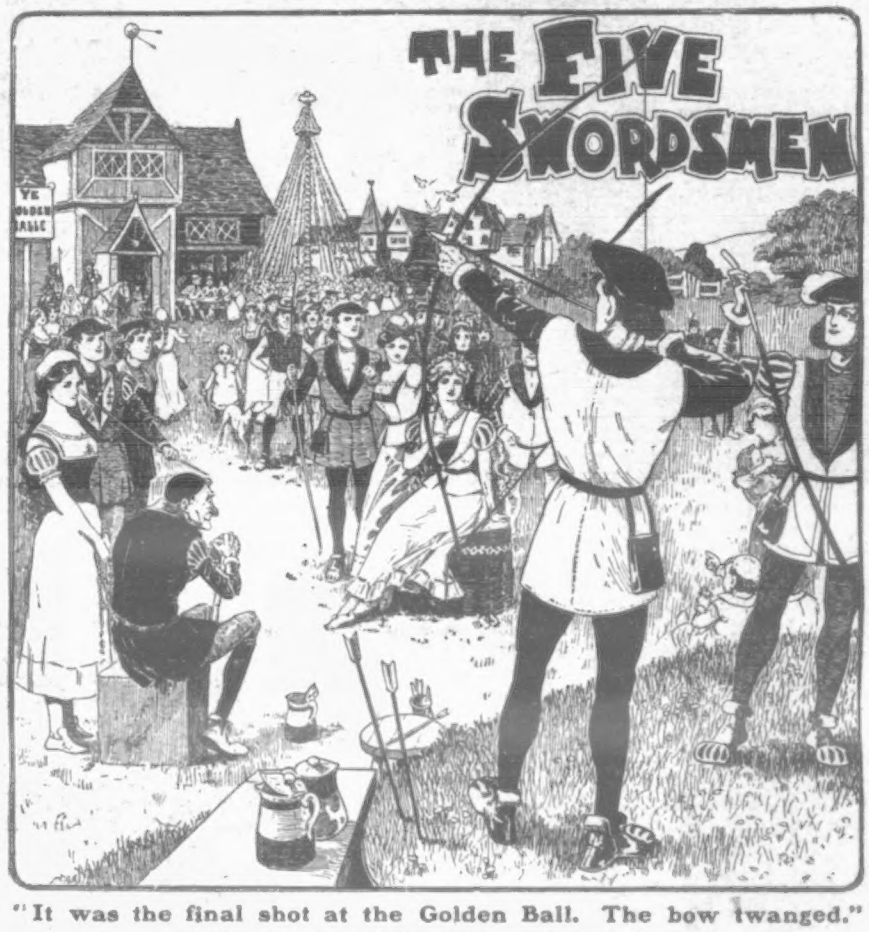

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